THE NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY

Registered in the United States Patent Office

An Historical Review of New England Life and Letters

Volume VI. Number 2

June, 1933

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JUNE, 1933

THE DILEMMA OF THEODORE PARKER

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

THEODORE PARKER was, for a brief span of years, one of the most distinguished men in American public life. From his pulpit in the Music Hall, Boston, he addressed a congregation—the famous twenty-eighth—of over seven thousand, but his real parish was the entire north. He was the self-appointed conscience to the nation, but never a still, small voice. Sumner, Chase, and Hale he advised, encouraged, and scolded; Webster, Choate, and Douglas he lashed with scorpions. Wherever he went in his ceaseless travelling men and women thronged to hear him pass in review the great moral questions of the day, and from the Penobscot to the Mississippi his short, stocky, ungainly figure with the great Socrates-like head, prematurely bald, was a familiar, though not always a welcome one. Only Greeley and Beecher exceeded him in popular fame, and he disdained the eccentricity of the one and avoided the pompousness of the other. Emerson counted him one of the four great men of his generation,

and the gallant Samuel Gridley Howe named him "the foremost man of this continent[1];" he himself confessed with unnecessary frequency to the distinction of being the best-hated man in the country. His was the most liberal and humane voice in the American church, and thousands, revolting from an oppressive Calvinism, heard him gladly. He was the leader in that movement which has come to be known as the socialization of Christianity, and he grappled with the problems of society, with labor and poverty, crime and vice, with a realism strikingly modern. His scholarship was monumental; Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who knew every one, called him "the most variously learned of living Americans,"[2] while Wendell Phillips remembered that the lordly *Tribune*, when it would not publish even his speeches "bent low before the most thorough scholarship of New England."[3] He was, with Garrison and Phillips, the most active and ardent of the anti-slavery agitators; like these, he excited passion and furnished social statistics, but his peculiar contribution was to throw over the movement a well-knit mantle of transcendental philosophy.

On the church, on society, and on the state he impressed his powerful intellect, but it was a progressive church, a fluid society, and a state about to be revolutionized, and in the heat of the Civil War his impression disappeared as in melted wax. His personality remains, vivid, robust, and gallant, but his actual contributions suffer from two limitations paralyzing to his-

[1] Samuel Gridley Howe, *Letters and Journals* (Boston, 1909), II, 463.

[2] Thomas Wentworth Higginson, *Contemporaries* (Boston, 1899), 38.

[3] Wendell Phillips, *Speeches, Lectures and Letters*, Second Series (Boston, 1891), 426.

torical immortality. On their practical side they were so largely in the spirit of the times that they have been incorporated into the body of American life and thought; the contributions of learning, when they are successful, are necessarily suicidal. On their philosophical side they present a division, a duality, that crippled their contemporary effectiveness and insured their subsequent rejection. It is this philosophical dilemma that I wish to examine more particularly, a dilemma peculiarly interesting because it was the dilemma implicit in transcendentalism generally.

Transcendentalism is the philosophy which holds that ultimate and absolute truths are to be apprehended by the mind rather than through the senses, that these truths transcend experimental proof, and are *a priori*. It asserts that all things are first an idea in the mind, are known intuitively and absolutely, are not susceptible to nor affected by sensational experience, nor subject to any authority but a subjective one. Santayana calls it a systematic subjectivism,[4] but the emphasis upon system is misleading. Few philosophies, not excepting pragmatism, have been so informal, so unsystematized. Transcendentalism in its American character, was indeed rather an attitude of mind than a logical dogma: it was by its own logic utterly individualistic and unorganized. It was, on its negative side, a revolt from the sensationalism of Locke and Hume and Priestley; on its positive side a re-affirmation of the ultimate authority and dignity of the human spirit. Though its philosophic origins were distinctly German and it was carried to America through English literary channels,

[4] George Santayana, "The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy": *Winds of Doctrine* (New York, 1926), 194.

it was peculiarly American: it had, indeed, in its political character, made its appearance at the time of the American Revolution, for the doctrines of natural law, liberty, equality, democracy, are necessarily transcendental.

But what was an attitude of mind in Emerson and Thoreau, and an emotion in Bronson Alcott and Walt Whitman, became with Theodore Parker an organized intellectual method. The most succinct statement of transcendentalism is to be found in Parker's essay by that name, delivered in 1855[5]: it is as clear-cut and definite as Emerson's essay on transcendentalism is vague and irrelevant, but Santayana insists that it is the peculiar glory of Emerson that he refrained from confining his philosophy in the frame of a system.[6] What Parker condensed in the essay on transcendentalism he expanded in the learned *Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion*, and it was implicit in all of his voluminous writing. No American transcendentalist elaborated his idealism in more detail, embroidered it with richer scholarship, formulated it with greater precision, applied it more widely or more vigorously. Having discovered and established a system of intuitive truths, Parker rigorously reviewed not only sensational philosophy but orthodox religion, conventional society, and organized government. With relentless logic he reduced complex problems of church and state and society to first principles and judged them by his absolute and transcendental standards. Was it a stubborn Calvinism that exercised its ancient tyranny over the

[5] *Transcendentalism. A Lecture by Theodore Parker* (Boston, 1876), *Free Religious Tracts*, No. 4.

[6] Santayana, *Winds of Doctrine*, 197.

minds of men? That Calvinism was a result of a false philosophy of man, a sensational philosophy that accepted the authority of the written word or of the authenticated miracle instead of the intuitive authority of the individual spirit. Did hunkerism rear its evil head in the land and demand obedience to man-made laws? That demand was based on the wicked fallacy that there is no higher law, no absolute right. Did man exploit his fellow-men, did wealth accumulate and men decay? It was because a sensational philosophy had distorted values, impaired the dignity of the human spirit and enhanced the significance of material things. Did slave-owners plead the justification of the Bible or of history, or the complex and difficult character of the problem? The apology was based on a denial of absolute right, absolute justice, it took refuge in historical precedents and justified itself by an appeal to experience rather than to *a priori* truth.

But it was to the problem of religion that Parker first and most rigorously applied his idealistic philosophy, it was as a religious reformer that he became nationally known, and it was as the foremost representative of the higher criticism that he made his chief contributions to scholarship. His intuition assured him that man was instinctively religious, and instinctively reverenced a God, that mankind might attain to divinity, and that there was an after life. It affirmed for him the infinite perfection of God and the adequacy of man for all his functions.[7] These grand truths, it must be repeated, were "laid in human nature, there spontaneously given

[7] For a concise statement of Parker's religious philosophy, see "Letter from Santa Cruz called Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister," in the appendix to John Weiss, *Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker* (New York, 1864), II, 470 ff.

by the great primal instincts of mankind." Their application to the religion, the theology, the church, of the 1830's, first in the *Levi Blodgett Letter* (1840), then in the explosive *Discourse of the Transient and the Permanent in Christianity* (1841), and finally in the elaborate *Discourse of Religion* (1842), created a furore which reverberated through the length of the land. The character of these successive pronouncements is illuminating: Parker began with criticism, advanced to an announcement of general principles, and then developed these principles by an exhaustive argument from facts of necessity and facts of demonstration. The remaining eighteen years of Parker's life were given over to the elaboration of these philosophical principles, their application to a wide variety of social problems, and their substantiation by factual proof. This was a natural development: how utterly illogical it was in its methods and its results, and to what inconsistencies it led, will appear upon closer examination.

It is unnecessary to remark that Parker was not the first in this conflict between orthodox Unitarianism and transcendentalism. The historical-minded will recall Channing's "Baltimore Discourse" of 1819 as the opening skirmish[8]; the scholarly will remember Furness's "Remarks on the Four Gospels," of 1836. Whatever the importance of these, and of the writings of Walker, and Noyes, and Kneeland,[9] it was, of course, with Emerson's "Divinity School Address" that the battle

[8] "Unitarian Christianity: A Discourse at the Ordination of the Rev. Jared Sparks": *Works of William E. Channing, D.D.* (Boston, 1841), III, 59.

[9] On the early stages of the Unitarian controversy, see especially William C. Gannett, *Ezra Stiles Gannett. A Memoir by his Son* (Boston, 1875), chapter VII.

was joined. And the conflict once precipitated, it raged with ever-increasing intensity all along the line of philosophy, theology, and society. Heady with the wine of new ideas, militant theologians rushed out into the arena of public affairs, into the market-place, the legislative chambers, the school-rooms, and even the home, challenging institutions, defying custom, and demanding reform. Emerson has described it, not without malice, in his *New England Reformers*; his explanation of the new critical spirit in *Man the Reformer* is more illuminating:

> We are [he wrote] to revise the whole of our social structure, the state, the school, religion, marriage, trade, science, and explore their foundations in our own nature; we are to see that the world not only fitted the former men, but fits us, and to clear ourselves of every usage which has not its roots in our own mind. What is a man born for but to be a Reformer, a Remaker of what man has made, a renouncer of lies; a restorer of truth and good, imitating that great Nature which embosoms us all, and which sleeps no moment on an old past, but every hour repairs herself, yielding us every morning a new day, and with every pulsation a new life? . . . The power which is at once spring and regulator in all efforts of reform is the conviction that there is an infinite worthiness in man, which will appear at the call of worth, and that all particular reforms are the removing of some impediment.[10]

What a ferment was there in New England of the thirties and the forties! The atmosphere was charged with new ideas, filled with the din of new names. German idealism, Hellenism, the French enlightenment, Swedenborgian, mysticism, Oriental pantheism, clamored for naturalization, for translation into the American vernacular. Never was the American scholar

[10] Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Nature, Addresses and Lectures* (Boston, 1892), 236-237.

so thoroughly American, so indigenous, so conscious of the homely phrase, of the native application; never was he so cosmopolitan, so catholic, so sensitive to the thought and the literature of other nations and other times. It was a motley but magnificent crew that came sailing into Boston harbor in the eighteen-thirties, bringing a precious cargo: Kant and Goethe, Herder and Hegel, Schelling and Schiller, Strauss and Schleiermacher, Vatke and De Wette, Baur and Ewald, Jacobi and Fichte, from German ports; Cousin and Fourier, Jouffrey, Constant, and Comte, from France; Coleridge and Carlyle, from England and Scotland. "The wharves," wrote John Weiss, "were littered with the spoils of a century. . . . We all rushed in and helped ourselves."[11] We can picture the throng of omnivorous transcendentalists hurrying down to the docks: the energetic Ripley and the aggressive Margaret Fuller, fickle Brownson and timid Convers Francis, Olympian Emerson and keen-eyed Thoreau, the poetic Dwight, rebellious young Frothingham, awkward George Bancroft, gallant Sam Howe, charming William Henry Channing and lovable, dreamy Bronson Alcott. But the self-appointed chairman of the reception committee was Theodore Parker.

Even as a student in the Divinity School he had astonished his contemporaries by the breadth of his learning and the catholicity of his interests. He was satisfied with nothing less than omniscience: he wished to master all languages, to read all books, to be familiar with all thought. His energy was colossal, his industry indefatigable, his memory fabulous. He hurled him-

[11] Weiss, *Theodore Parker*, I, 161.

self on knowledge with tigerish ferocity; he belabored his opponents, Lowell says, "with the whole tree of knowledge torn up by the roots." He undertook to familiarize his countrymen with the progress of theological studies in Germany, and to establish here the scientific and historical study of theology. He introduced Strauss, advertised the Tübingen school of Ewald and Baur, reviewed Oldhausen and Dorner, and prepared a translation of De Wette's *Introduction to the Old Testament* that was a monument of labor and a marvel of erudition.[12] It can scarcely be doubted that the *Discourse of Religion* of 1842 — published when the author was scarcely thirty years of age — was the most learned contribution to theological scholarship of this period, not excepting even the mighty Norton's *Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels.* He planned a "History of the Reformation," he collected material for a "History of Religious Thought since the Reformation," he projected an enormous work on the "Historical Development of Religion."[13] His energy was equalled only by his ambition, and they were both surpassed by his knowledge. The ever-delightful Thomas Wentworth Higginson tells us that a projected series of volumes on various aspects of religious history and philosophy was abandoned because nothing was proposed but that Parker had already accumulated material for just such a volume.[14] The latest scholarly books would

[12] *A Critical and Historical Introduction to the Canonical Scriptures of the Old Testament. From the German of De Wette.* Translated and Enlarged by Theodore Parker (Boston, 1843).

[13] Some 270 pages in manuscript contain all that Parker left of this ambitious plan. Fragments are printed in Weiss, *Theodore Parker*, II, 49 ff.

[14] Higginson, *Contemporaries*, 41.

be noticed in the *Christian Examiner*, or perhaps in the *Dial*, or the *Massachusetts Quarterly* — that *Dial* with a beard — which Parker edited single-handed[15]; and every incoming ship brought the treasures of European bookshops to create the richest private library in Boston.[16]

It was, indeed, his scholarship that betrayed him. Not content with asserting truths of intuition, he spent himself in substantiating them by facts of demonstration. His love of learning was an appetite, it came to be a passion, it may have grown into a vice. His learning was the most massive, perhaps, in all America — more varied than thorough, if you will, more ambitious than profound — it was acquired not in the uninterrupted leisure of the study but in a lifetime tragically brief, crowded with the duties of an enormous parish, hot with the insistent duties of anti-slavery work. His information was as encyclopædic as it was exact: he could fling a thundering bibliography at the scholarly Professor Francis in response to a cry for aid[17]; he could cite the very page of an obscure monograph on Salic Law when Sumner turned to him in desperation; he was the one man, so the classicist, John King of Salem, records, with whom it was possible to discuss intelligently

[15] The *Massachusetts Quarterly Review* was published from 1847 to 1850. R. W. Emerson, J. E. Cabot, and Parker composed the original board of editors. Cabot himself is authority for the statement that Parker was actually sole editor: *Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (Boston, 1887), 498.

[16] Parker's library, now housed in the Boston Public Library, contained some 16,000 volumes. For a detailed description, see T. W. Higginson, "Report on the Parker Library": *Annual Report Boston Public Library* (Boston, 1883), 19 ff.

[17] See, for example, the letters to Francis in Weiss, *Theodore Parker*, I, 358, 360, 361.

a disputed reading in a Greek play.[18] He took Buckle severely to task for bibliographical omissions in the *History of Civilization*, corrected Hildreth in detail, and administered to Prescott the most severe scholarly lacing that that historian was to receive.[19] His knowledge of legal institutions and history excited the admiration of the learned Sumner (who was not given to admiring others), and when indicted for violation of the fugitive slave law, he prepared for his own defence a masterly treatise on the history of English and American law.[20] His appetite for languages was insatiable: Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, German, Italian, and Spanish he acquired in student days; Syriac, Arabic, Coptic, Bohemian, Russian, Icelandic, Danish, Finnish, Lithuanian (and a score more) came later; at the end, he was wrestling with native African dialects. He confessed a curious interest in the occult sciences, collected an imposing library on folk-lore and balladry, admitted a passion for geography. His knowledge of science was more superficial, but he dared to jeer at Agassiz, anticipated the doctrine of evolution,[21] participated in geological expeditions, had an astonishing familiarity with the flora and fauna of New England, brought geological specimens to Thoreau, and read avidly the transac-

[18] Higginson, *Contemporaries*, 43-45.

[19] The essay on Buckle is in the *Collected Works of Theodore Parker . . .* (Frances Power Cobbe, Ed., London, 1863-1865), XI; the essay on Hildreth and the two essays on Prescott are to be found in X.

[20] *The Trial of Theodore Parker . . . with the Defence*, by Theodore Parker (Boston, 1855).

[21] See the "Sermon on Christian Advancement," "Sermon on Natural Religion," "Sermon to Progressive Friends," No. 3, the *Five Sermons on the Testimony of Matter and Mind to the Existence of God*. In his scientific views and his attitude toward Agassiz, Parker was influenced by his close friend, the Swiss geologist, Desor.

tions of German and French scientific societies. "His mind," remarks Weiss, "was like the republican idea itself; it could afford to be hospitable but could not afford to be exclusive."

It is clear that Parker was fascinated by knowledge for its own sake; it is possible that he came, quite unconsciously, to make a fetish of facts. He read, to borrow a neat phrase from Santayana, not transcendentally, but historically, not to find out what he himself felt but to discover what others had felt.[22] His friend John Dwight warned him of this danger. "Don't you often," he wrote, "turn aside from your own reflections from the fear of losing what another has said or written on the subject? Have you not too much of a mania for all printed things,—as if books were more than the symbols of that truth to which the student aspires? You write, you read, you talk, you think in a hurry for fear of not getting all."[23] There speaks the transcendentalist, and he speaks as if to the most stubborn sensationalist. But Parker would not be warned: his vice grew on him with the passing years—his respect for facts, his use of the historical and the inductive method.

He had begun by announcing *a priori* truths which might be clarified by reference to some facts of demonstration; he ended by burying his intuitive argument under a veritable avalanche of facts. It was a shift in method, and a gradual one, but here method and emphasis were everything. It was a substitution, or at least a confusion, of means and end that the transcendentalist, of all philosophers, could not afford to make. The

[22] Santayana, *Winds of Doctrine*, 192.

[23] John White Chadwick, *Theodore Parker, Preacher and Reformer* (Boston, 1900), 154.

method was increasingly the method of science; the emphasis was increasingly on the authenticating facts. And though Parker professed scorn for the formal and deliberate application of the scientific method to philosophy, he confessed nevertheless the ultimate admiration for that method—imitation. He was, indeed, naïve enough to believe that if he only stated his conclusions first instead of last he had preserved the idealistic philosophy, and the picture of this ardent transcendentalist systematically ransacking the facts of history with the tools of science in order to prove his intuitive truths is not without its comic character. Three examples will suffice: one from the realm of theological scholarship, one from the field of political reform, and one from the struggle against slavery.

Few of Parker's essays were more learned, more incisive, than the lengthy review of Dorner's *Entwicklungsgeschichte der Lehre von der Person Christi*, which appeared in the *Dial* in 1842. Here Parker scored the low state of theological studies in America and England and ridiculed the preconceptions and superstitions with which the subject was commonly approached. In theology, he charges:

> Common Sense rarely shows his honest face; Reason seldom comes. It is a land shadowy with the wings of Ignorance, Superstition, Bigotry, Fanaticism, the brood of clawed and beaked and hungry Chaos and most ancient Night. . . . In science we ask first What are the facts of observation whence we shall start? . . . The first work is to find the facts, then their law and meaning.[24]

If theology is to be rescued from its shameful state, he continued, it must be approached historically and scien-

[24] *Works* (Cobbe, Ed.), IX, 214-215.

tifically: we must create a science of theology comparable to the science of geology, or of medicine. And even as he was penning this essay, he was confiding to his friend, Francis:

> All study of theology must be abandoned, or it must be studied in a method and with a thoroughness and to an extent which bears some resemblance to the state of other sciences. Theology is contemptible at present in comparison with astronomy, geology, or even the pretended science of phrenology.[25]

Yet, in the same essay in which these laudable sentiments appear, Parker turned aside to denounce the application of sensationalism to religion and philosophy and to charge as inevitable results materialism, selfishness, scepticism, and atheism.

> No skill of the artist [he thundered], no excellence of heart, can counteract the defects of the *Novum Organum* when applied to morals, metaphysics or theology. . . . We are not surprised that no one, following Bacon's scheme, has ever succeeded in driving materialism, selfishness and scepticism from the field of philosophy, morals and religion. The answer to these systems must come from men who adopt a different method.[26]

It would be difficult to find a clearer example of trying to have philosophical cake and eat it too.

Let us look next to the tremendous sermons on the Mexican War.[27] Parker's attitude toward that conflict was that of most of his transcendentalist friends, but he found occasion to express it more frequently and more publicly, perhaps, than any other. In the sermons on the war he takes the position of a Christian moral-

[25] Weiss, *Theodore Parker*, I, 186.

[26] *Works* (Cobbe, Ed.), IX, 220-221.

[27] *Discourses of Politics* (*Works*, IV), "A Sermon of War," June 7, 1846; "Speech Delivered at the Anti-War Meeting," February 4, 1847; "Sermon of the Mexican War," June 25, 1848.

ist. "War," he asserts, "is an utter violation of Christianity. If war be right, then Christianity is wrong, false, a lie. But if Christianity be true, if reason, conscience, the religious sense, the highest faculties of man, are to be trusted, then war is the wrong, the falsehood, the lie." The precepts of brotherhood, of peace and of love are not only those of Christianity, but are "the dictates of man's nature, only developed and active; a part of God's universal revelation; His law writ on the soul of man true after all experience and true before all experience."[28] This is lofty ground; it is distinctly transcendental ground. These truths are intuitive truths — true "before all experience." If this is truth, it is absolute truth; if it is true before all experience, the lessons of experience are irrelevant and impertinent. Yet read further in the great "Sermon of War" of 1846, and what do we find? Parker is authenticating these *a priori* truths by facts of demonstration. Here are pages and pages of bewildering statistics — the cost of war in money, in hours of labor, in misapplied energy, in social demoralization, in lives. Here are figures on the effect of the war on the fisheries of Massachusetts, on the annual expenditures for docks, arsenals, forts, on the daily cost of subsistence for a soldier. Here we can read comparisons between the appropriations for military purposes and for public education, appropriations to West Point and to the colleges of New England. Here are appeals to the lessons of history, to the cost in money and lives of past wars, to the experience of other nations. It is all most effective, but, like "the flowers that bloom in the

[28] "Sermon of War"; *Works* (Cobbe, Ed.), IV, 4.

spring," it has nothing to do with the thing of absolute truth. The appeal from the deductive to the inductive seems safe enough, but suppose it could be demonstrated that war actually developed the economic energies of a people, increased wealth, regenerated society? Would the transcendentalist be forced from his high ground? If intuitive truth transcends experience, what is the value of an appeal to experience; if *a priori* truth is not susceptible to factual proof, what is to be gained by citing statistics?

It was to the struggle against slavery that Parker devoted the energy and eloquence of the last decade of his life, and it is as a radical abolitionist that he is, perhaps, best remembered. His attitude toward the institution was grounded in his philosophy. Slavery, he insisted, was an absolute wrong, an evil, a sin, a crime against humanity, a violation of nature. Its maintenance was possible only by dependence on a false philosophy of life — the sensational one. Historian though he was, Parker deliberately closed his eyes to the historical evolution of the institution; sociologist though he was, he refused to recognize its complex social character. Like Garrison, he held that slavery must fall, regardless of consequences. "There is something in man," he wrote, "which scoffs at expediency, which will do right, justice, truth, though Hell itself should gape and bid him hold his peace; the morality which *anticipates* history loves the right for itself."[29] Granting the *a priori* premises, the conclusions followed logically enough. But for all his ardent transcendentalism Parker was not content to rest his case on absolute right. On

[29] *Transcendentalism, a Lecture.*

the contrary, his two volumes of *Discourses of Slavery*[30] read like Helper's *Impending Crisis*. The discourses reek with statistics, they spill over with historical references. Here are comparisons of land values, population growth, school attendance, crime, newspaper circulation, commercial activities: all that body of unanalyzed data which (even in hands more skilful than Parker's) lends itself readily to misinterpretation. Government reports, historical documents, papers and journals, all hurried their tribute to this transcendental statistician, all went to prove a principle by its very nature not susceptible to proof.

This, precisely, was the dilemma of Theodore Parker. His love of learning, his intellectual acquisitiveness, his respect for facts, proved his undoing. He never abandoned his original intuitional philosophy, but every new accumulation of proof represented a vote of no confidence. He remained to the end as transcendental as Whitman, and as experimental as Spencer, as intuitive as Jefferson, and as sensational as Franklin. He maintained the complete and unique validity of facts of consciousness and then proved them by facts of demonstration. He elaborated the absolute and submitted first principles to laboratory tests. Others noted this dualism, but it was so instinctive with Parker that he was never aware of it. He jumped to and fro between the deductive and the inductive, the *a priori* and the *a posteriori*, with an acrobatic agility. "Transcen-

[30] *Works* (Cobbe, Ed.), V and VI. See especially "A Letter to the People of the United States touching the Matter of Slavery"; "An Address on the Condition of America," May 12, 1854; "Some Thoughts on the Progress of America and the Influence of Her Diverse Institutions," May 31, 1854; "The Present Crisis in American Affairs," May 7, 1856.

dentalism," he wrote, "has a work to do to show that physics, politics, ethics, religion, rest on facts of necessity and have their witness and confirmation in facts of observation."[31] But as John Dewey points out, "the claim to formulate *a priori* the legislative constitution of the universe is by its nature a claim that may lead to elaborate dialectic developments. But it is also one that removes these very conclusions from subjection to experimental test, for by definition, these results make no difference."[32]

The most persistent and most glaring example of Parker's philosophic dualism was his habit of judging the tree by its fruit, judging men, institutions, philosophies, by their results. Sensationalism was rejected because it resulted in hunkerism, orthodox Calvinism because it brought fear and unhappiness, slavery because it led to poverty and degeneration. Actually, Parker was interested in results rather than in first principles. Thus he subjected his whole philosophy to the vicissitudes of fortune, to the vagaries of human chance. But this was the measuring-rod of sensationalism, of pragmatism, even. "Our great difference," wrote William James in contrasting the philosophy of the scholastic spirit with that of the pragmatist:

> Our great difference lies in the way we face. . . . The strength of his system lies in the principles, the origin, the *terminus a quo* of his thought; for us the strength is in the outcome, the upshot, the *terminus ad quem*. Not where it comes from but where it leads to is to decide.

[31] *Transcendentalism, a Lecture.*

[32] John Dewey, *The Influence of Darwinism Upon Philosophy* (New York, 1910), 17.

Parker's mind was not metaphysical. He was naturally a man of action rather than a contemplative philosopher. It is illuminating to remember that he reserved his greatest admiration for Benjamin Franklin rather than for Jefferson. He was the Luther rather than the Melanchthon of the new religious reformation. Vigor, breadth, energy, simplicity, ruggedness, homeliness, enthusiasm characterized his thought rather than depth, subtlety, refinement, or serenity.[33] Philosophical problems he was inclined to overwhelm with learning rather than to penetrate with understanding. Nice metaphysical points he ignored or muddled. He accumulated facts more readily than he matured ideas, and he seldom probed ideas to their depths. His interpretation of the crucial problem of evil, for example, was both puerile and undignified — puerile because, as Josiah Royce points out, it justifies evil as necessary to avoid other greater but unexplained evils; undignified because, as Ludwig Lewisohn observes, its doctrine of compensation robs life of its tragic significance.

This confusion of intuition and experience was not so much a personal idiosyncracy as a social characteristic. Parker's dualism was to an extent the dualism of that entire group of ardent New England reformers who would recreate society in the name of first principles, who glorified individualism in Fourierist phalanxes; perhaps it was implicit in the conflict between the possibilities of a New World environment and Old World institutions. Those fathers whose wisdom Parker loved to celebrate had justified a Declaration of Independence on intuitive principles and established a new form of

[33] Chadwick, Parker's ablest biographer, brings this out clearly. See his *Theodore Parker*, VII and XIV, *passim*.

government on experimental precepts, and indeed a large part of American history may be interpreted as an attempt to vindicate by facts of demonstration the transcendental ideas of democracy and equality and liberty. Not until half a century after Parker did pragmatism resolve the apparent paradox by announcing that transcendental ideals might and should be progressively realized by experience — by the "Will to Believe," and in our own day Professor Thomas Vernor Smith has applied the instrumentalist philosophy specifically to this problem and in his *American Philosophy of Equality*[34] discovered that the ultimate justification of the ideal of equality is precisely its functional value.

* * *

When Parker was a young man, just installed in his West Roxbury parish, he went one day to visit the already venerable Dr. Channing. They discussed conscience. "I asked him," Parker recorded in his journal, "if conscience were not an *infallible* guide. He seemed to doubt it, but is going to think of the question. To me it seems that conscience will always decide right, if the case is fairly put and old habits have not obscured the vision."[35] Conscience — and the clear vision, that was it; the triumph of the right when the mind is educated and all the facts are in. Over twenty years later he was in Rome, fighting a hopeless fight against consumption. See him as he trudges patiently down three flights of stairs out into the cold drizzle of a February day. Darwin's *Principles of Selection in Natural His-*

[34] Thomas Vernor Smith, *American Philosophy of Equality* (Chicago, 1927). See also his *Democratic Way of Life* (Chicago, 1926).

[35] Weiss, *Theodore Parker*, I, 108-109.

tory had just come to hand, and he had been writing his friend, George Ripley, reaffirming his intuitive faith in God and immortality. He is hurrying off now to a bookstall: he has heard that an obscure book by a Dutchman, Nieuwendt, on the existence of God, can be found there, and he has been hunting for it for years. Death stalks him as he hastens through the gathering dusk of the late afternoon, but his eye is alight with excitement, and his brain is burning with enthusiasm, and the tenderest of smiles turns up the corners of his mouth as he thinks of old George Ripley back there in New York, and remembers Brook Farm days.

REVALUING GEORGE BANCROFT

N. H. DAWES AND F. T. NICHOLS

A RE-EXAMINATION of nineteenth-century ideals is now enabling a younger generation to perceive that ancestors exemplify something more than mere conservatism and convention. Depression is not all discouragement the moment one remembers how often giants come out of a nation's "hard times." Of the intellectual and spiritual leaders of the United States, George Bancroft was by no means last or least. Yet the length, the moral emphasis, and the discursive nature of his writings have led professors, and even students, of American history to dismiss Bancroft's monumental work as a notorious example of the evil effects of the "filio-pietistic" attitude. But those who turn to his ten volumes on American history and read them with a memory of the age for which they were written, and in the light of our own, can scarcely fail to be impressed with the success of the author as a pioneer in his profession.

George Bancroft was the first American historian who conscientiously endeavored to make no important statement without reference to an original document. Even so, he did not cumber his pages with footnotes; and trained scholars are still surprised to discover how direct and accurate was Bancroft's information in matters he thought of minor importance. That he did not, as a result, produce a dry, over-documented treatise, is a tribute to his literary powers. Bancroft expressed his thoughts beautifully—whether those thoughts were

right or wrong. His vocabulary was rich and varied; his choice of words was accurate and in good taste; his running-narrative style was lively and entertaining; and, above all, his sense of drama never failed him. Seldom, if ever, does he drop down to mere pedestrian prose; his sentences vibrate with poetic effects which are often delicate and at times sonorous. Each period is perfectly rounded and lends itself to emphasis by the rise and fall of the voice when it is read aloud. Indeed, many portions of his history, standing alone, might pass for an historical address by Webster or Macaulay, for Bancroft could launch forth as artfully as an orator. For instance, stirred by thought of the extension of British civilization into India and North America by 1763, Bancroft writes impulsively:

> Go forth, then, language of Milton and Hampden, language of my country, take possession of the North American continent! Gladden the waste places with every tone that has been rightly struck on the English lyre, with every English word that has been spoken well for liberty and for man! Give an echo to the now silent and solitary mountains; gush out with the fountains that as yet sing their anthems all day long without response; fill the valleys with voices of love in its purity, the pledges of friendship in its faithfulness; and as the morning sun drinks the dewdrops from the flowers all the way from the dreary Atlantic to the Peaceful Ocean, meet him with the joyous hum of the early industry of freemen! Utter boldly and spread widely through the world the thoughts of the coming apostles of the people's liberty, till the sound that cheers the desert shall thrill through the heart of humanity, and the lips of the messenger of the people's power, as he stands in beauty upon the mountains, shall proclaim the renovating tidings of equal freedom for the race![1]

[1] George Bancroft, *The History of the United States* (Boston, 1856), IV, 456-457. The selection is, of course, in the very best style of the kind of speech people will no longer sit through.

Bancroft's writing is neither pompous nor heavy after the fashion of John Taylor or John Adams, for there is a certain deftness of expression which lightens and enlivens its composition. The author exercises powers of narration which enable the reader to watch the drama of man's experience proceed like a splendid and inspiring pageant. Bancroft dramatizes his work to an unusual extent. In descriptions of great episodes he always slips into the present tense. Although opinions differ as to the value of the "historical present," it was once thought to aid in a sense of actuality. He did not hesitate, even, to draw on his imagination to supply details missing from a picture, for he possessed in abundance the creative artistry and intellectual courage wanting to many modern historians. One of the most distinctive features of his style is the use of the short, balanced sentence to conclude a passage.

The discoverer of Florida had desired immortality on earth and gained its shadow.[2]

De Soto had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burial place.[3]

[Of Henry Hudson]: Alone of the great mariners of that day, he lies buried in America; the gloomy waste of waters which bears his name is his tomb and his monument.[4]

Often a simple, unadorned phrase or sentence assumes epic quality simply because of its terminal position and dramatic significance. Witness his description of the result of the capitulation at Fort Necessity.

In the whole valley of the Mississippi to its head-springs in the Alleghanies, no standard floated but that of France.[5]

[2] Bancroft, *History*, I, 34.
[3] *Ibid.*, I, 57.
[4] *Ibid.*, II, 271.
[5] *Ibid.*, IV, 121.

Bancroft, of course, was writing for a public which expected to find poetry and drama, not statistics and "trends," in history. Because the audience wished to see the hand of God, or at least an expression of Manifest Destiny in its records of the past, it was essential for Bancroft, were he to appeal to his readers, to orate with swelling bosom and to whisper softly lines of poetry in his prose. Yet, despite this limitation, he did far more than conform to the tastes and sentiments of his day; he demonstrated the fact that great historical writing must attain to artistry of expression as well as to loftiness of thought.

But it was this very loftiness of thought which made Bancroft liable to the charge of being a "filio-pietistic" monomaniac. Modern historians dismiss his work cursorily because "every volume voted for Andrew Jackson." Yet Bancroft's philosophy transcends patriotism and political allegiance and reaches for the realm of the moral and religious. In every event he perceived the spirit of God moving on the waters. Providence was responsible for every development. It was God who urged Columbus to fare into the unknown waters of the West, and it was He who employed despotic, decadent Spain to help the colonists win their rightful freedom from the harsh and oppressive mother country. Bancroft never missed an opportunity to admire the work which went to the making of America. He wrote with reverence of the long line of American patriots whose first representative was Nathaniel Bacon and whose most perfect prototype was George Washington. The American Revolution, heralded, doubtless, by the singing of the stars, was to Bancroft one of the

most sublime occurrences in history, and its logical fruition the complete triumph of democracy. It is easy to be critical and even supercilious concerning Bancroft's philosophy of history. Yet it would be unjust to leave this subject without some further consideration. History meant more to Bancroft than a mere objective recital of past events; it was an opportunity not only to instruct his readers, but improve them. His pages are all the better for the brooding sense of the tragedy of human experience found in all great works of literature. In going below the surface of events to discern their meaning Bancroft could not escape the perils of constructing a philosophy of history. He worked before the time when it became fashionable to conceal whatever convictions might exist.

His research in the original sources was long and assiduous—a labor all the more creditable if we consider that in his day monographic materials were sadly lacking, and the archives of America and Europe had not been even calendared, much less explored. Despite these handicaps, Bancroft collected and digested endless documents and spent long hours in the Public Record Office, where he could only scratch the surface of the overwhelming mass of material. His "spade-work" among the records of the southern colonies, particularly North Carolina, indebted to him numerous later researchers, who have not always been appreciative of their pioneer. That Bancroft even took the trouble to consult European archives is another indication of his attempt to write history with exactness and breadth. Scholars of to-day with their "calendars," their state and national "records," and their "reprints"—to say

nothing of their "monographs" and "specialists," might well meditate on the difficulty of Bancroft's task. To criticize him for mistaken conclusions and erroneous inferences, in the face of his handicaps, reveals a lack of knowledge which approaches wilful ignorance. We should as reasonably criticize Nebraska for not building her state capitol in 1870.

Bancroft's emphasis and sense of proportion reflect not only himself, but also the age in which he lived. It was not the day of specialization, nor of universal public-school education; accordingly, Bancroft indulged in prolonged digressions upon subjects with which his readers were unfamiliar. He had the time to investigate and his readers the desire to know of such subjects as the origin of slavery in antiquity and European politics from the Renaissance to the mid-eighteenth century. It has been charged that Bancroft included chapters on European conditions in order to "show off" the knowledge which he had acquired at the University of Göttingen. Modern scholars are more sophisticated at this game than was Bancroft, for by documentation, foot-notes, and sly appendices they imply what Bancroft naïvely proclaimed in the actual text of his *History*. He, at least, did not employ his foreign study as an historical aphrodisiac; his work did not reflect that degree of virtuosity which is always marked by a decay of the spontaneous creative faculty. But whether the accusation against Bancroft be true or false (and it admits of no proof or disproof), his inclusion of long surveys of European affairs had the merit of placing America in the main current of world events. And there America belongs.

Few will deny that Bancroft's emphasis was too purely political, but he wrote at a time when history was looked upon primarily as "past politics." There is much economic and social data in his work, as evidenced by his attempt to chronicle population figures, industrial occupations, the conditions of transportation, and the status of culture. By no stretch of the imagination can he be considered as a social historian; yet his effort to paint a picture of the life of the people approaches in quality the work of his great contemporary, Macaulay, in the famous third chapter. If Bancroft over-stressed the political point of view, it is no less true that he was influenced by his New England environment and heredity. The chapters which treat of New England seem to have a certain warmth and glow which are absent from his more purely objective accounts of other sections. Apparently Bancroft sensed this bias of his mind and made a scrupulous effort to do justice to the Penns, the Cavaliers, and the Westerners. The New England colonies are given no more space than their due, and, despite his deep admiration for the Puritan fathers, Bancroft seemingly went out of his way to berate Cotton Mather for his alleged narrow-mindedness and intolerance.

It is possible that Bancroft's obvious effort to steer a middle course between excessive adulation and unthinking condemnation of New England characters and events was influenced by the fact that by holding local and national offices under Jackson and Van Buren, Bancroft cut himself off from the dominant elements of his society. Both that society and the historian looked upon each other as having strayed from the true path to

salvation, and Bancroft might have felt a thrill of self-justification in acting like a fair-minded judge on the forebears of the New England Whigs. He was deeply conscious of the importance of the West, and in a crude way foreshadowed some of the major theses of the Turner school when he wrote: "The boundless West became the poor man's City of Refuge, where the wilderness guarded his cabin as inviolably as the cliff or the cedar-top holds the eagle's eyrie."[6] He dwells lovingly upon the exploits of the pioneers of the Mississippi Valley and follows with affectionate pen the fate of the tiny settlements which were the foundations of future commonwealths. Admit that Bancroft was influenced by the slavery controversy; that he may have been pompous and even vain on the subject of his European education; that his point of view was too exclusively political; and that he could not escape a too-favorable attitude toward things New England. Who among the historians of modern America could write a history without reference to the "depression"? Who that has wandered through the pleasant places of European universities can fail to feel and reflect their influences? Can the "new historians" logically complain of the "self-confidence" of George Bancroft? Their faults are not his — but are they any the less serious?

Many of Bancroft's conclusions concerning the controverted points of colonial history have been revised. Yet this is not an indication of failure on Bancroft's part, for all the facts were not at his command — nor are they at ours. His interpretation of Indian life is a striking example of his inability to arrive at perdurable

[6] Bancroft, *History*, VI, 33-34.

conclusions merely for want of adequate knowledge. He had no perception of the importance of the "balance of power" among the Indian tribes, and in accusing the Narragansetts of deserting their English allies in the enterprise of crushing the Pequots in 1637, he was unjust. Bancroft was convinced that there was such a phenomenon as the "noble red-man," whose life was devoted to the hunt and the war-path, while his drudge-like squaw did all the work and lived without importance. Had Bancroft arrived at such conclusions with the information which modern archæologists and ethnologists have made available, he could have been condemned, justly and harshly. His justification, or, at least, excuse, lies in the absence of such information as students like Livingston Farrand have unearthed in recent years.

Again, Bancroft conjectured that Cabot's landfall was somewhere in Labrador, for he wrote without the knowledge which Harrisse, Prowse, and Dawson have brought to the attention of modern students. Bancroft had no suspicion that Captain John Smith was, at the least, over-imaginative in his account of the Pocahontas episode; for it was not until the time of Charles Deane that this legend was questioned. Without a *Calendar of State Papers* and the monographs of W. J. Craven and A. P. Newton, he naturally concluded that the dissolution of the Virginia Company was due to the villainy of James I, who was determined to exalt the prerogative and to destroy seditious parliaments. Bancroft likewise read too much into the Maryland toleration act of 1649; the Calvert Papers and the Maryland Records have enabled later historians to perceive both

policy and expediency in what was, nevertheless, a great step forward toward religious liberty.

On the other hand, there are some erroneous theses which flow, not from want of available information, but from the author's prejudices and prior assumptions. His faith in democracy blinded him to the deeper currents of colonial society, which appeared to him preeminently equalitarian and democratic. Thus he failed to perceive that aristocracy was the key-note in politics, religion, education, business, and society. In his admiration for the more acceptable qualities of the Puritans he characterized the foundation of New Haven as a fulfillment of the spirit of humanity, when all the evidence, even in the author's time, proved that Davenport and Eaton were believers in a theocracy more narrow and intolerant than that of Massachusetts Bay. As a staunch anti-slavery advocate Bancroft missed no opportunity to strike a blow against African servitude. He categorically denied the existence of slavery among the Indians and, without the slightest factual justification, ascribed the African slave trade not only to the rapacity of English merchants but also to a desire on the part of English officials "to weaken the power of colonial resistance" by balancing blacks against whites[7]—a clear example of what the psychologists call "transference." Bancroft lustily applauded the efforts of the Southerners to restrict the slave-trade, without recognizing how greatly the desired prohibition was inspired by self-interest, particularly in Virginia. Thus, many of his inferences and conclusions as to slavery were drawn out of thin air and prove only his own partialities.

[7] Bancroft, *History*, IV, 135.

In the same manner his love of Teutonic culture, especially that of Prussia, caused him unwittingly to fabricate the myth that Frederick the Great was a staunch supporter of the colonies in their rebellion against England. Assuming that Frederick was the true, unselfish friend of the American patriots, Bancroft greatly magnified the importance of Frederick's picayune support of the colonies and minimized to the vanishing-point his selfish motives for hostility to England. The author's opinions concerning the American Revolution, as a whole, caused him to commit almost unforgivable errors in his contentions that the navigation acts were tyrannical in intent, and pernicious in effect; that unquestionably the dominion of Parliament did not extend over the colonies; and that the Revolution itself was acclaimed by a people at one with itself in its desire to attain complete independence. Had Bancroft consulted certain writings of James Otis, Daniel Leonard, and John Dickinson, his point of view must necessarily have undergone a great change. His passion for equality, his deep-seated admiration for the Puritan fathers, his abiding hostility to slavery, and his whole-hearted, unconditional approval of the American Revolution led him into error; yet his mistakes are ever those of a truly patriotic Machiavelli, and not those of an over-scrupulous Guicciardini.

In several capacities and on many points Bancroft wrote history which has endured the test of time. He was never so prepossessed with the magnificence of his central theme that he did not take cognizance of the more obscure factors which inevitably conditioned it. There is ample evidence that he appreciated the im-

portance of the modifying effect of geographic conditions upon men and their institutions. Bancroft did not romance concerning the early explorers nor did he glory in the exploits of the intrepid Elizabethan "sea-dogs." He saw more than "sea-spray and powder-smoke" in their deeds, for he frankly acknowledged that the exigencies of storm, and reef, of cold, hunger, and thirst were far more terrible to the early mariners than were visions of horrid monsters breathing death and destruction. To Bancroft, Drake was not the embodiment of the knight-errant but rather one whose exploits injured commerce and debauched the minds of the sailors with a passion for sudden acquisitions.[8] In speaking of Las Casas, that pseudo-visionary who has been called the "William Lloyd Garrison of the sixteenth century" by historians of lesser calibre than Bancroft, he stated in no uncertain terms that the saintly bishop's proposal to substitute African for American slavery was not a solution but an aggravation of the evil.[9] The author's conception of the character and purposes of the Puritans was essentially sound, for he neither condemned them totally for their apparent harshness and intolerance, nor indulged in a blind worship of their more admirable qualities. There was enough of the Puritan in him to appreciate how completely Quaker nudists could baffle Puritan moralists and drive them, in sheer desperation, to the use of the whip and the cord. Bancroft's conjecture about the Hennepin enigma was surprisingly correct. Somewhat baldly he asserted that Father Hennepin was in the pay of William III—a view which Verner W. Crane in his admirable study,

[8] Bancroft, *History*, I, 87. [9] *Ibid.*, I, 171.

The Southern Frontier, has not found occasion substantially to alter. Credit belongs to Bancroft for having ventured a shrewd conjecture which shows that he possessed the capacity for critical guess-work.

One constantly encounters statements in Bancroft which appear so excellent in their lucidity and so genuinely modern in their tenor that it is almost unbelievable that they were written almost a century ago. His analysis of the Revolution of 1688, which he terms the "aristocratic revolution," has not been essentially improved upon by later historians: "Its purpose was the security of property and existing franchises, and not the abolition of privilege, or the equalization of power."[10] Bancroft's description of the colonial credit system is clear, concise, and free from technical jargon[11]—an account which would have delighted Republicans and horrified Democrats in 1896—because of its frank criticism of inflation.

Naturally Bancroft's account of the French and Indian Wars, as a whole, lacked the wealth of detail, the first-hand touch later to be imparted to this subject by the matchless Parkman. But Bancroft's delineations of battles and criticisms of leaders are, for the most part, sound. Loudon, Grant, and Abercrombie are roundly scolded by the dapper little "Prussian drill-sergeant" who was impatient at the interminable delays and the lack of orderly military tactics. He supplied his readers with excellent steel engravings which depict the most important military operations of the wars. Despite the minor inaccuracies in some of these maps, they enable the student to visualize the stirring events which

[10] Bancroft, *History*, III, 2. [11] *Ibid.*, III, 389.

the author's pen so ably chronicles. Although Bancroft was totally unsympathetic toward Braddock's character (an ephemeral subject if ever there was one!) and although he was ignorant of the true nature of the opening phase of the engagement of July 9, 1755, at least he did not indulge in the ridiculous hyperbole of Carlyle's asinine belief that Braddock blundered headlong into an ambuscade. Bancroft, moreover, discerned that "The combat was obstinate, and continued for two hours with scarcely any change in the disposition of either side. Had the regulars shown courage the issue would not have been doubtful."[12] There is no maligning of the unfortunate Braddock; the cowardly Dunbar is justly rebuked; and in spite of the over-emphasis on the rôle of the youthful Washington, the description of the battle is excellent, especially when it is remembered that Winthrop Sargent and Francis Parkman had not yet published their contributions to our knowledge.

With justice one can criticize adversely much of Bancroft's work. That the first four volumes should extend over a period of two hundred and seventy-one years, while the last six are devoted to but nineteen years, is evidence that the author lacked a proper sense of proportion. There is not a steady progression of events in that the subject matter frequently does not conform to strict chronology. His chapter on Indian life, for instance, appears in the third of his volumes rather than the first. Sometimes his passion for generalization, over-simplification, and moralizing is irritating to the extreme and tempts the reader to throw down his work in disgust. In his later volumes Bancroft employed

[12] Bancroft, *History*, IV, 189.

direct quotation much too frequently and is often to be suspected of having chosen unrepresentative samples for the express purpose of proving his point.

George Bancroft's *History* lacked the pagan splendor of Prescott, the blood and iron, and fire of Motley, and the exquisite beauty of expression which was peculiar to Parkman; but Bancroft was the historian of America as no other man ever was, or probably will be. His life forms a remarkable parallel with that of Macaulay. In their common devotion to the muse of history and in their active adherence to what has been considered as the more liberal of the two parties in England and America, these two scholars (who were also men of the world) are strikingly similar. Like his great contemporary, Bancroft did not bring his history down to a time within the memory of living man, yet his volumes not only constituted the task of a life-time, but showed excellent scholarship, comprising, as well, a statement of faith. Their author lived long enough to witness a reaction against monopolies, land-stealing, corruption, and grinding oppression by the predatory interests. As vague and unsatisfactory as it was, the Sherman anti-trust law, passed one year before Bancroft's death, was a harbinger that the historian's youthful confidence in his country was to be re-asserted in the new search for social justice.

We can only wonder what were the thoughts of this spruce old man of eighty as he rode his young, blooded, Kentucky horse along the Virginia bank of the Potomac for more than thirty-six miles in a single day, or strolled among the perfect roses of his garden at Newport. Yet Americans should be thankful that their country raised

up at least one historian of polymathic mind whose vision extended over continents and centuries. Dollar-conscious and despairing, they might well find solace and comfort in the words with which Bancroft prefaced his last volume:

> It is good to look away from the strifes of the present hour, to the great days when our country had for its statesmen Washington and John Adams, Jefferson and Hamilton, Franklin and Jay, and their compeers. The study of those times will teach lessons of moderation, and of unselfish patriotism.

THE TREASURE TROVE OF WILLIAM PHIPS

ROBERT H. GEORGE

WILLIAM PHIPS returned to London from his first treasure hunt in the early fall of 1685.[1] But the astrologer's prophecy that he would find "a mighty treasure" was unfulfilled. A "coarse bar of silver," disclosed by a later accounting, proved that the venture to the Caymanas had not been altogether fruitless. Yet James II, whose royal brother had lent the *Golden Rose* for the project, had no reason to congratu-

[1] The base from which all writers on Phips's adventurous career have operated is Cotton Mather's *Pietas in Patriam* (London, 1697), whose contents appeared again in the *Magnalia* (London, 1702). Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Grandfather's Chair* (various editions); W. Goold, *Sir William Phips: Collections* of the Maine Historical Society, IX (1887); R. D. Paine, *The Book of Buried Treasure* (New York, 1922); V. F. Barnes, "The Rise of William Phips," NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY, I (July, 1928), 217; C. H. Karraker, "The Treasure Expedition of Captain William Phips to the Bahama Banks," *ibid.*, V (October, 1932), 731, and others have employed, and at times appraised, its offering. Additional details have been presented by W. R. Scott, *The Constitution and Finance of English . . . Joint Stock Companies to 1720* (Cambridge, 1910-1912); by E. F. Ward, *Christopher Monck, Duke of Albemarle* (London, 1915); and by H. O. Thayer, *Sir William Phips* (Portland, 1927). The first of these exhibited such details as were then known concerning the organization of the gentlemen adventurers of 1686. The second gave information of the deposition of Thomas Smith and of the logs kept on the hunt of 1686-1687, and exploited them, in part. The third was the first to make use of the Knepp Journal of 1683-1684, and added some new items. During the past year it was the good fortune of the present writer to discover the warrant of June 18, 1686, together with a mass of material among the chancery documents in the Public Record Office, London, and to find related items in the MSS. of the House of Lords, and in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, England. So much new evidence of critical importance, of supplementary, or corroborative character, would seem to warrant this study.

late himself on such a result. Samuel Pepys, his effective secretary of the admiralty, caused the navy board to survey the vessel immediately, and later forced a full statement concerning the voyage from Sir Richard Haddock and Sir John Narborough, who "alone were privy to all the proceedings of it." The survey disclosed charges of wear and tear on hull and rigging, on masts and yards, on carpenter's and boatswain's stores, on five anchors and six cables, amounting in all to over £700. The statement, based on a mass of papers which Pepys stoutly refused to digest himself, disclosed that the king was entitled to receive only £470 19*s* 8½*d* from Phips. No Stuart could regard this as a regal sum, or view the adverse balance of the venture with complete and royal calm.[2]

Nor had William Phips greater cause for complacency, although that burly New England captain had felled mutineers with his bare hands "like another Shamgar or Sampson."[3] Returning from his search, he had put in at Bermuda and there taken on board one Henry Bysshe and his principal abettor, Sarah Oxford, whom Deputy-Governor Cony had ample reason to wish as far from his island domain as might be. Despite the governor's warrant directing his action, the captain was forced to meet Bysshe's counter-attack in London. This scored a moment's victory, for Phips found him-

[2] Mr. Guy to officers of the mint, March 14, 1686/7, *Calendar of Treasury Books*, VIII, 1257; commissioners of the admiralty to Pepys, December 23, 1685, Public Record Office (hereafter cited as P.R.O.), Ad. 1/3555, 415; Pepys to navy board, October 6, 1685, Pepysian Library, Cambridge, *Admiralty Letters of Samuel Pepys* (hereafter cited as Pepysian), XI, 371; Pepys to Sir Richard Haddock and Sir John Narborough, April 23, and May 15, 1686, *ibid.*, XII, 65, 92; Pepys to Mr. Guy, June 25, 1686, *ibid.*, 134.

[3] Cotton Mather, *Pietas in Patriam*, 8.

self in the bailiff's hands at "The Naggs Head on litle Tower Hill," on August 3, 1685.[4] Such duress vile was ignominious enough for one who had been strong for maintaining the "punctilio of the sea" to his own advantage and at the cost of Boston wood-boat men and Spanish captains.[5] But his speedy deliverance through official intervention was doubly welcome, because he had returned to England with new information which might well cause the London astrologer to rank as a true prophet.

Rumors of treasure-ships wrecked on the shoals of the West Indies were, in these days, ripening into local legends. Behind curses on hunters of the treasure and complex details as to its location lay bits of truth. But with respect to a Spanish vice-admiral, lost in 1642, with all her rich cargo, more accurate data were available. In consequence, several searches for her wealth had already been undertaken based upon the Spanish directions for finding her, or the knowledge of a Dutch captain and seamen. The latest searchers had been spurred into activity by the glimpse which Thomas Smith had caught of silver bars lying on a reef. His Yankee ship had been forced to pass them by, because her one cable "was not a good one." However, at the

[4] Cony to Sunderland, June 4, 1685, *Calendar of State Papers, America and West Indies, 1685-1688*, No. 210; Cony to Phips, June 5, 1685, *ibid.*, No. 215; Phips to Sunderland, August 3, 1685, *ibid.*, No. 305, and P.R.O., C.O. 1/58, 24, 28.

[5] British Museum (hereafter cited as B.M.), Egerton MSS., 2526, and transcript in the Massachusetts Historical Society, Gay Transcripts. Barnes, NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY, I, 279, gives full details of Phips's disregard of orders and demand that passing ships salute him as a man of war, based on this Journal of John Knepp. See also Molesworth to Blathwayt, Jamaica, November 18, 1684, P.R.O., C.O. 138/5, 12-15; and *Calendar of State Papers, America and West Indies, 1681-1685*, No. 1949.

very moment when Phips was cruising in the vicinity in 1684-1685, a ship of the royal navy was hot on the watery scent off the Abroxes. Our doughty captain may have obtained his information from legend, or from navigators' records, or he may have gained access to the knowledge in defence of whose truth plain Thomas Smith was willing to hazard seven years' service in the king's ships without pay. It is even possible that, as Mather insists, Phips got his information in 1684-1685 at Hispaniola, where, "by the Policy of his Address he fisht out of a very old Spaniard (or Portuguese) a little advice." Whatever its source, the nature of the captain's information was such that "nothing could retund the edge of his Expectations to find the wreck." But he must cause others to share his confidence and enthusiasm before his expectations could be realized.[6]

Those others were found soon after his return to London. A sailor and a courtier gave the New Englander their allegiance. Sir John Narborough had been intimately connected with Phips's first effort, and rightly enjoyed the respect of the former lord high admiral who was now King of England. His Grace, Christo-

[6] Mather, *Pietas in Patriam*, 7, 10, 104; B.M., Sloane MSS., 3984, 191; Sir Thomas Lynch to lords of trade, June 12, 1682, *Calendar of State Papers, America and West Indies, 1681-1685*, No. 552; same to same, August 29, 1682, *ibid.*, No. 668; Hans Sloane, *A Voyage to Madera, etc.* (London, 1707), LXXX. The document in the Sloane MSS. is of value only as a record of legend, for it is undated and far from specific. On the Yankee ship and Thomas Smith, see Ward, *Duke of Albemarle*, 245. There, however, the deponent's name is given as John Smith with resulting confusion, *ibid.*, 255. Molesworth to Blathwayt, Jamaica, February 3, 1684/5, deposition of Thomas Smith, January 20, 1684/5, Captain Stanley's instructions for the wreck, Jamaica, January, 1684/5, P.R.O., C.O. 1/57, 9, 9i, 9ii; *ibid.*, 138/5, 29-33; and *Calendar of State Papers, America and West Indies, 1681-1685*, No. 2067.

pher, Duke of Albemarle, was necessitous and ambitious, had gambled over much, but had sufficient *entrée* at court to procure a warrant from James II, dated July 18, 1686, and validated by the king's seal as lord high admiral. It empowered the duke, or whomsoever he should make his deputy, to search for and take up "all such wrecks as shall bee by him or them found in the Seas to the Windward of the North side of Hispaniola," and to retain for his own use "all such Riches, whether Gold, Silver or Bullion or of what other kinds soever, as shall be found therein," excepting only one-tenth part to be reserved for royal benefit. This grant was the cornerstone of the joint-stock company under whose auspices the second voyage was undertaken.[7]

Those concerned with the voyage had not delayed action until this warrant was obtained. Francis Nicholson (and, a little later, Isaac Foxcroft) had been persuaded to become associates of Sir John and the duke, and Phips had busied himself with the necessary preparations for the voyage. By March 26 the captain had found the *Bridgewater*, a two-hundred ton ship mounting twenty-two guns; Narborough had surveyed her and rated her a "sufficient ship"; the existing partners had subscribed to a note for her purchase; and she had been appropriately re-christened the *James and Mary*, in honor of the reigning sovereigns. By the end of June, the *Henry*, a vessel of forty tons and ten guns, had been contracted for with John Smith, a merchant of London, who overheard Phips discoursing on his pro-

[7] P.R.O., Ad. 2/1741, 263. The grant was later confirmed by letters-patent on March 3, 1686/7 (see Barnes, NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY, I, 280; Ward, *Duke of Albemarle*, 246; and P.R.O., C 66/3291, 6), but by that time Phips was already fishing on the wreck in the interest of the adventurers.

ject, sought admission to the ranks of the elect, and was accepted as a partner. Before July 31, 1686, two other adventurers had been found — Anthony, Viscount Falkland, and James Hayes.[8]

The agreement between the seven partners and Captain William Phips was signed on that day. Under its terms Phips was to have one-sixteenth of all treasure recovered, after the king's tenths and the costs had been paid. He was to carry a cargo for purposes of trade so that, treasure failing, some returns might be assured. He was to keep a journal, together with proper accounts, and give a substantial bond for the performance of his obligations. The partners agreed to furnish vessels and cargo, fittings, victuals, and wages, and, by separate articles or deeds from the duke, each on that day became possessed of a right to one-eighth of the profits of their venture — engaging themselves to contribute a similar proportion of costs. Albemarle retained two-eighths for himself and promised to bear one-quarter of the charges.[9]

Haste is often a characteristic of the treasure-hunter, and the partners of 1686 were no exception to the general rule. Phips continued busy with the fitting out of

[8] Suits in the court of chancery, one of which was appealed to the House of Lords, furnish these, and many of the details recited below, concerning both the organization of the company and the voyage of 1686-1687. Smith *vs.* Albemarle, P.R.O., C 10/227/63; Falkland *vs.* Cheyne, *ibid.*, C 24/1177/30; Falkland *vs.* Cheyne, House of Lords MSS., February 23, 1704/5 (hereafter cited as Chancery Documents).

[9] Chancery Documents; Albemarle to Dartmouth, Newhall, August 18, 1686, Historical Manuscripts Commission, *Report* XI, App. v (1887), 131, wherein Dartmouth was offered an eighth share for £350. The Duke of Beaufort later declared that Sunderland had also been unsuccessfully approached. Duke to Duchess of Beaufort, Windsor, June 16, 1687, Historical Manuscripts Commission, *Report* XII, App. ix (1891), 90.

the vessels. Cole, the cooper; Fryer, the oilman; Taylor, the ship-chandler; ship-wrights, a brazier, an anchor-smith, a block-maker, and the equally essential butcher, baker, brewer, and compass-maker were consulted and employed. Painted mugs, fine stockings, knives and hats, scissors and serge, buttons and bottled brandy, pictures, powder and spirits were amassed to constitute the cargo — the only insurance carried. Phips was active, Narborough was involved, and, according to his own statement, Smith was actively concerned in all this bustle of preparation. The flurry was by no means lessened by the necessity for providing cash under which the partners labored. Not all services could be contracted for on credit (although many were), and none of the shares had been fully paid in even a year later, when the voyage had reached its triumphant conclusion. It was a problem to complicate bookkeeping and to require nothing short of financial wizardry.

All was ready by the end of August. Half pay was provided for the seamen on their departure; Phips got a loan of £150 and bills of credit from Smith, and on the afternoon of September 12, 1686, the little expedition set sail. A stop at Deal, where £35 was drawn on a bill of credit, another at the Isle of Wight, and the *James and Mary*, together with the tiny *Henry*, were lost to view in the Atlantic mists.[10]

[10] Chancery Documents; Bodleian Library, Rawlinson MSS., A 71, 204-207v. This contains material on the voyage drawn from the log of the *Henry*, and bears the endorsement of Pepys, among whose papers it lies: "Mr. Smith's information to mee (at my desire) touching the whole processe of C. Phipps's late expedition and Successe upon the Spanish Wreck." A transcript is in the Massachusetts Historical Society, Gay Transcripts, VII, 41.

While William Phips was plowing his way westward all was not well with the stock-holders. These persons constituted, at the same time, the board of directors of their common venture. John Smith, in particular, came under a cross-fire of criticism from those with whom he had sought association. In the hectic days of preparation he had not only helped Phips select the cargo, but had offered to serve as depository for payments by the partners, and as their disbursing agent in order to save the £10 fee demanded by an agent. Now he paid the penalty for his forwardness. His business interests were continental as well as West Indian, and in September or October of 1686 he was forced to leave England to collect a debt owed him by his French factor. Before leaving, however, he met with the other partners and exhibited his accounts. These showed disbursements of £2587 18*s* 4*d*, and receipts of but £2256. He had, therefore, paid in over £331 towards his share — if his accounts were to be believed. But his partners were incredulous. They had his accounts scrutinized by one Mr. Deane Monteage, auditor to the Duke of Albemarle and financial agent of Lord Hatton.

While Smith was on the continent, their doubts became suspicions. Not only did it appear that their contributions to the joint-stock were improperly recorded, and that Smith was actually debtor on account of his share in the sum of £922, but, amid the clamor of tradesmen for their pay, the partners made alarming discoveries. Game, the sail-maker, had been paid £30, and not £70 as Smith's statement recorded; Pawling, the ironmonger, had received not a penny of the £35 7*s* 2*d* debited to his account. Other creditors of the adven-

turers gave evidence of like character, notably one Kelly, "a Strong-water man," who pressed for payment of his entire bill, although his "waters" constituted an essential part of the trade cargo which Smith's books indicated had been paid for. According to the duke's later assertion, Monteage wrote Smith about the confusion in his accounts in January, 1687, but received an evasive answer. Hence Monteage was forced to repeat his request for enlightenment in May of that year, and felt justified in adding the threat that, unless Smith produced his accounts and satisfied his debt to the company in fifteen days, he would be excluded from its profits.[11]

Smith, however, could, and did, file a series of countercharges. He averred that he had provided agents to discharge the whole of his obligations during his absence on the continent. He protested that Monteage's version of the accounts omitted the sum he had paid for an iron chest to contain the treasure, the credit he should have had on the score of drafts made on his bills of credit, and the sum of £513 10*s* 1*d* he had expended for cargo! The majority of the stock-holders might regard Smith as incompetent or worse, but that did not prevent his cherishing the opinion that he was abused, and that an effort was being made to freeze him out of the company after he had rendered it essential services. The value of a single eighth share was but £400 in all; yet here was a tempest, if only in a tea-pot. The hazardous nature of the whole venture did not lessen the asperities of the partners.

[11] Chancery Documents; Nottingham to Lord Hatton, October 21, 1687, B.M., Additional MSS., 25,594, 59; S. Monteage to Lord Hatton, London, June 16, 1688, *ibid.*, 29,563, 191.

Captain Phips, for his part, was doing his best to give the speculation the character of a genuine investment. Two months after his departure from the Downs he anchored in Carlisle Bay in Barbados, where he again used his bills of credit. But, under the circumstances, lonely ports were more to the captain's liking — ports like that on the Island of Mona, which he reached on November 22, or Samana Bay, on the north shore of Hispaniola, where the *James and Mary* anchored on the twenty-eighth. Not far away was a wreck which he judged to be that of the pirate *Bannister*, because she was burnt down to the gun-deck and shots with the broad-arrow on them lay about her.[12]

On December 14 Phips shifted to the bad anchorage of Porto Plata, where he fired three guns "to give the Spanyards notice of a Ship being there but none as yett came downe to us which made us almost Dispaire of haveing any Trade there." While waiting, Phips cut firewood and watered his ship, and when at last the governor of St. Iago sent an embassy, its members were made much of, because this was "the only way to gaine on the hearts of those People." On a later visit "our Capt." treated the Allferus of the town "right nobly"—

[12] Rawlinson MSS., A 71, 205 ff.; B.M., Sloane MSS., 50. The latter is a log of the *James & Mary* covering the period December 11, 1686-June 4, 1687, first conspicuously employed by Ward, *Duke of Albemarle*, 247. It is a confused document, its entries being made on the blank pages of another ship's log. A transcript is in the Massachusetts Historical Society, Gay Transcripts, VII, 1 ff., but does not contain the detailed accounts of trading and treasure finding operations, which are used here and below for the first time. The harbor which Phips left on December 11, 1686, was not Havana, but Samana, on the Island of Hispaniola, as stated by the log (see Barnes, NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY, I, 280). Havana, in any case, was too remote to have permitted Phips to sail thence on the eleventh, and reach Porto Plata on the fourteenth of December.

the accounts specify that he was given "1 halfe case Spiritts," and that a whole case was sent to cheer the governor. Some "small matter of trade" was soon in progress, involving the exchange of the varied items of the cargo for a possibly profitable lading of bulls' and cows' hides and for necessary provisions — chiefly "wild pork" and "tame hoggs" brought by Spaniards or by French hunters.

Meanwhile Henry Rogers, mate on the *Golden Rose* and now master of the *Henry*, came in to Porto Plata. His small ship made a fruitless voyage to Turks Islands in quest of the salt, so sorely needed for provisioning. But the search on which he set forth on the evening of January 13, 1687, had other results. As he beat out of Porto Plata, he had on board "Mr. Covell our second mate and the three divers" with orders "if they could get a Slatch of faire weather to goe on the bank and make a search for the wreck." Both Rogers and William Covell had served on the first expedition, as had Franko, one of the divers. Hence the *Henry* carried both professional skill and the necessary knowledge regarding the location of the wreck.[13]

Phips remained in the open roadstead of Porto Plata, where the routine of "small trade" and provisioning was broken only by the sight of two sails at sea (which caused him to prepare to go out) and the chase of what proved to be a French merchant. Not till the fourth of February was the *Henry* sighted about ten leagues to the west, and not until the seventh did that vessel come into harbor with word of escape from disaster;

[13] Sloane MSS., 50; Richard Wharton (?) to Hezekiah Usher, September 29, 1687, Massachusetts Archives, XXXVII, 160.

"by God's blessing it being very small breese of wind all night" as they lay at anchor "amongst a parcel of boylers." Equally comforting news there was in the assertion that "they search'd the bank and . . . had done as much as any men could doe."

The best news was kept back until the following day. "This Morning (February 8, 1687) our Capt Sent our long Boat on board Mr. Rogers which in a shoart time return with what made our hearts very Glad to see which was 4 Sows 1 barr 1 Champeen 2 dow boyes 2000 and odd Dollars by which we understood that they had found the wreck." Such convincing evidence was dramatically set down in the log of the *James and Mary.*[14] More convincing still were the details supplied by Rogers and his crew.

On January 20 they had run down the side of the reef and "come to an Anchor with a Chane and Grabnell about a Mile and ½ distance South . . . Latitude 20d:27m." The *Henry's* log insists that her master was the one to locate the treasure, but the claim of William Covell to that distinction is corroborated by the evidence of others on the spot. Covell had set out in a "Canew," possibly fashioned by the skilled hands of William Phips, with the divers Francis Anderson [Franko (?)] and Jonas Abune. Hard by rocks called "bouylers because they appear Green and white under water like the boyling of a Pott," they found the wreck wedged between two rocks, as Thomas Smith had insisted she was, in six to eight fathoms of water—"Being

[14] Sloane MSS., 50; Cotton Mather's story of the event (*Pietas in Patriam*, 11), like those which he tells of mutinies, is highly embellished, and possesses no greater literary value than the entry made by Thomas Waddington or Charles Kelly in the log.

so overgrowne with Currell that neither head nor Sterne could be seen." They "slung" a sow, a bar, and a "champeen" of the precious metal and carried them on board the *Henry*. Returning, they buoyed their find and fished up more ingots, some pieces of eight and broken plate. Treasure trove indeed! For three days they continued operations, then, "the Weather proving boisterous they gott away in a great deale of danger," and stood for Hispaniola.

Proper regard for seamanship demanded delays in spite of a universal desire for haste in returning to the wreck. The *James and Mary* was given a lift to starboard and a lift to port to "scrub her bottom." The *Henry* was similarly lifted "to Wash and Tallow her to make her iff Possible to saile better." More provisions were laid in, salted after the Spanish manner. Not until February 17 did the two vessels weigh from Porto Plata, but on the twenty-second they were anchored off the reef. No sooner had the cable run out than "by Mr. Covell's perswasions wee hoysted out our Pinnace," and dollars and half-dollars were on board just as darkness began to shut in. Excitement settled into monotony as diving continued every fair day. At first the treasure was measured by count of "peeces of Eight," dollars, "litters" of sows and dow boys, to say nothing of the brass cannon brought up from the ocean bed. Later, in the days of routine, the bullion and coin were measured by weight, as boat-load after boat-load was tumbled on the deck of the *James and Mary*. This was duly entered in the accounts kept by Thomas Waddington, Captain Phips's servant, and Charles Kelly, formerly page to the Duke of Albemarle. These ac-

counts indicate clearly that the searchers had hit upon the galleon's treasure-room, for there is record of the recovery of "Coyne Silver which we suppose were in Chests" and of "baggs of Coyne Money Weighing 1139 lbs." On certain days work was suspended, for "some of [the divers] were nott well," or since "this day being the Lords day we rested notwithstanding the weather was faire." Fresh winds led to the breaking of the rudder of the *Henry* and of her grapnell, too; and the seas were so high, on occasion, that "they dared not venture on the wreck."

So the work continued for two months. Hard, monotonous labor and diet, together with the sight of so much treasure, had an evil effect on the seamen, whose grumblings Phips was able to quiet only by promising them some share of the spoils in addition to their slender wages. Such share was provided through an agreement made with newcomers on the wreck. These were William Davis and Abraham Atherly, companions of Phips in his earlier voyage. Now, possibly by prearrangement, they joined him on February 28. The divers they brought with them were instantly coveted by the captain because the unevenness of the bottom had frustrated his efforts to employ a "Diveing Tubb." But their services could be had only by allowing them a share in the rich booty of which Phips claimed a monopoly. The arrangement enabled the captain to fish with greater speed and to satisfy the murmurings of his crew. Under it he obtained the use of a diver and of Davis's sloop and Atherly's shallop; while two remaining divers were allowed to fish on the "skirts" of the wreck, one-half their findings to be theirs, the other

"to be for the Encouragement of such persons . . . as Captaine Phipps should think fit to dispose of the same to."

On March 29 the sloop was sent to Jamaica bearing the now insignificant hides to be disposed of there, and carrying Mr. Kelly to submit to his master, who might possibly have entered into his governorship of the island, an account of the treasure thus far recovered.[15] She likewise carried letters of information addressed to Sir John Narborough, to Mr. Nicholson, and to Mr. Smith. On her return voyage the sloop was to bring a load of badly-needed provisions; and it was her failure to reappear, coupled with "fresh gales," "many Turnadoes and great swelling seas," plus fears of the "pyrates" who haunted the region, that caused Phips to forsake the wreck. Moreover, daily returns, were dwindling because coin had to be sought where it lay scattered amongst the galleon's ballast. Her bullion room had been cleared; Phips's casks and the iron chest were full. So the *James and Mary* and the *Henry* got up their yards and topmasts, and on April 19, 1687, sailed for Turks Islands, leaving Atherly's sloop with their divers, their boatswain (James Phipps) and necessary equipment to continue fishing, and to await the return of the sloop sent to Jamaica. On their way to Turks Islands there was momentary alarm when soundings showed that they were on the northeast point of the Handkerchief Bank, but a shift of course brought them clear of the danger, and on the twentieth of April they

[15] Albemarle received his appointment as governor before the warrant for the treasure-hunt was obtained, but he did not arrive in Jamaica until December 19, 1687. Sunderland to the commissioners of trade, *etc.*, May 31, 1686, P.R.O., SP 44/56, 337; P.R.O., Ad. 51/68.

cast anchor off Cotton Key. Here their long boat made repeated voyages of eight to ten miles each time to fetch water, and here Atherly joined them in his shallop, returned their divers, and delivered to them half of the three tons of silver which he had gathered as his gleanings from the wreck.

Captain Phips had no desire to give news of his success by putting in at any colonial port. In view of the reputation which he had established on his previous visits, we suspect that officials were almost certain to have been troublesome. So, on May 2, the adventurers weighed anchor and set their courses for England. For Phips it was a pleasantly lonely voyage. He lost touch with his slower sailing consort the first day out, and not until May 31 did he sight a sail. This proved to be the *Lisbon* from Barbados, Captain Price commander. Phips boarded her with "some peeces of Eight in a bagg to the value of about £10 . . . and a Dboy of silver and bought . . . some provisions and some Liquors." He returned with the desired "refreshments," and with his cash and bullion intact, for he had managed to make his welcome purchase on credit. On June 4 he sighted Scilly and parted with Price. On June 6, having happily escaped the "Algereens" at the time indulging in indiscriminate pillage of ships in the English Channel, Phips arrived in the Downs, which he had quitted nine months before.[16]

If there was a flurry of preparation at the time of their departure, there was a deep and genuine excite-

[16] The date of Phips's return is fixed by Rawlinson MSS., A 71, and by Chancery Documents which corroborate the statement of the *Henry's* log. Moreau to the King of Poland, the Hague, June 17, 1687, B.M., Additional MSS., 38,493, 113v.

ment on their return. The partners, including Smith, were duly notified, and all save Smith boarded the ship on her arrival at Deptford. Officialdom, too, took cognizance of the event. Sir Roger Strickland gave instant news to Mr. Secretary Pepys. He, in turn, sent an express with orders to Sir Roger in the Downs, and to Sir Clowdisley Shovell at the Hope, directing that a proper guard be placed upon the *James and Mary* to safeguard the king's rights. Pepys was not sure how much plate had been brought "from the Islands of Ambroxa in the West Indies . . . but enough to be sure it is to make it reasonable that all reasonable care be taken to secure the same against any foul play that may otherwise happen to it." The treasury ordered the customs commissioners to put their most reliable officers on board. The high court of admiralty, not to be outdone, issued a warrant for the arrest of the whole precious cargo. Pepys summarily forbade its execution. Diplomats stirred themselves as well. Barrillon communicated details to Louis XIV. Moreau, from Holland, informed his master, the King of Poland. And the Spanish ambassador submitted a bootless memorial to James II claiming the treasure as his master's, and began a suit (which was speedily quashed) in the admiralty court for its recovery.[17]

[17] Pepys to Sir Roger Strickland and Sir Clowdisley Shovell, June 8, 1687, P.R.O., Ad. 2/1727, 192; Pepys to Mr. W. Joynes, marshal of the high court of admiralty, June 12, 1687, P.R.O., Ad. 2/1741, 418; Sunderland to Shovell, June 11, 1687, P.R.O., SP 44/337, 287; Pepys to Strickland and Shovell, June 8, 1687, Pepysian, XIII, 129; Pepys to Sir Richard Raynes, June 13, 1687, *ibid.*, 140-141; treasury warrant to commissioners of customs, June 9, 1687, *Calendar of Treasury Books*, VIII, 1399; Barrillon to Louis XIV, Windsor, 13/23 June, 1687, *Archives de la Ministère des Affaires Étrangères, Correspondance Politique, Angleterre*, CLVI, 359; Moreau to the King of Poland, the

Diarists made their entries recording the adventurers' success in finding a "vast treasure," one "enriching them beyond all expectation." Compilers of news-letters informed their subscribers of the event, and added rumors and speculation after the manner of the journalists they were. London's bookstalls offered their patrons an "Exact and Perfect Relation Of the arrival of the Ship the James and Mary Captain Phipps Commander." Private correspondents dipped their quills and wrote feverishly—"Tho' its now near 11 at night, and I fear the post is going I cannot forbear to send you a piece of news, odd and unusual—Its certainly true; youll have it more at large quickly . . . The news came yesterday morn, at 3 o'clock." Albemarle's gambling luck, Phips's success after earlier failures, estimates of the booty and of the manner of its division, were the talk of London—which echoed in county towns and country homes.[18]

There was a sufficient base for official activity and for such recording of electric news. The warden, the mas-

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Hague, July 1, 1687, B.M., Additional MSS., 38,493, 119v. The navy guard was removed on June 11, while the treasury officials remained until the treasure had been weighed.

[18] Luttrell, *Brief Historical Relation* (1857), I, 407; J. Evelyn, *Memoirs* (1906), III, 38; Sir Edmund King to Lord Hatton, London, June 9, 1687, *Hatton Correspondence* (Camden Society, 1878), II, 67; John Verney to Sir Ralph Verney, June 15, 1687, Historical Manuscripts Commission, *Report* VII (1879), 482; Charles Bertie to the Countess of Rutland, London, June 9, 1687, *ibid.*, XII, App. V (1889), 114; Duke to Duchess of Beaufort, Windsor, June 16, 1687, *ibid.*, App. IX (1891), 90; Broadside in the Massachusetts Historical Society. The story told by Charles Bertie of Sir Richard Haddock's sale of his "hundred pound share for ninety but a month or two before the thing was found" is without foundation. At no stage of the proceedings is there record of Haddock's association with the adventurers, although he, with Narborough, had been connected with the voyage of 1683-1685.

ter-worker and the comptroller of the mint, together with that veteran goldsmith, Mr. Charles Duncombe, were ordered to repair to the *James and Mary* at Deptford, weigh the treasure and take the king's tenths under the terms of the warrant of July 18, 1686.[19] They did so, setting up their great beam on the king's ship *Monmouth*, or *Rising Sun*, which lay alongside the treasure-ship, and taking every tenth draught for the king. On the *Monmouth's* decks they weighed out the amazing total of silver—"37,538 lbs. Troy of pieces of eight, 27, 556 lbs. 4 oz. of bars and cakes, and 347 lbs. of plate; and of gold 25 lbs. 7 oz. 9dwt." In addition, there was the half of Atherly's recoveries, now listed as "the silver that concerned the seamen," 3,770 lbs. 3 oz. of it. What did it matter if the weights were a little inexact, the treasure "being wett sandy dirty and rusty" and so "subject to great waste"? The crown's share was easily worth £20,700, and there remained a handsome amount for the adventurers. Hazarding only £3200 in their venture, they had brought to England over 34 tons of treasure which, in 1687, was worth over £207,600.[20]

The seamen profited a little, some, at least, receiving from £20 to £60. Those holding ratings as mate, boatswain, and carpenter got £1000 each. Such "encouragement" caused arrests and law-suits, for the method of landing these bonuses strongly resembled smuggling. Albemarle's share of the spoils was worth well over

[19] Treasury lords to warden, *etc.*, of the mint, June 14, 1687,. *Calendar of Treasury Books*, VIII, 1408.

[20] Royal warrant to the clerk of the signet, January 12, 1687/8, *Calendar of Treasury Books*, VIII, 1704; Chancery Documents. The current price given for the silver averaged 5*s per* oz.

£43,000, which he was later reported to be "melting in his own garden," where men feared that the absentee Governor of Jamaica would "die by his furnaces." His fellow adventurers had half that amount each — with the exception of John Smith, merchant.[21]

Rumor, or a letter from the commander of the *James and Mary* written on June 6, gave him news of Phips's return while he was caring for his business affairs in the Low Countries. Instantly he rushed to London, where he met with an emphatic negative when he demanded his eighth. Naturally he was not now going to forego profit unless forced to do so. His petition for redress, addressed to the privy council, was heard on July 16, 1687, and by consent of "Councell learned on either Side" the cause was referred to the court of chancery. Thanks to its activities, the historian is furnished with many of his details, but Smith gained only a portion of what he sought. The court speedily issued an order that the defendants should give security for the ultimate payment of any adverse judgment, and under it one-eighth of the treasure was deposited in the hands of Sir Thomas Fowle. Within a month, hearings had been held and depositions in goodly number accumulated, but Smith proved susceptible to the arguments of Mr. Francis Nicholson. That one of his former partners advised him to accept a composition since "he had great persons to Contend with and . . . they had six to one and had the money in their hands

[21] Chancery Documents; News-letter to Sir William Trumbull, London, June 30, 1687, Historical Manuscripts Commission, *Downshire Manuscripts* (1924), I, 252; ——— to John Ellis, June 25, 1687, *Ellis Correspondence* (London, 1829), I, 311. It is interesting that no mention is made of reward given to Henry Rogers, master of the *Henry*.

and that the Law was Chargeable and he might be kept out twice Seaven years." Rather than wait those "twice seven years," Smith settled his case out of court, accepting a portion of his share and executing releases to the Duke of Albemarle of all his pretences of his share and claims. The duke, apparen''y, pocketed any balance of Smith's share remaining.[22]

William Phips of Boston received treasure worth over £11,000 as his sixteenth, to say nothing of odd bits of the spoils. Six copper guns, which went to the Tower, silver stirrups, and candlesticks, wrought cups and plates, broken pieces of gold [or gilt] buttons and beads, pieces of gold chain, a large gold chain, a gold hat band, and some net [neat (?)] stones had formed part of the treasure trove. London jewellers esteemed the last to be but counterfeit, but apparently Phips regarded certain of the other items as genuine. If we may believe the sworn statement of the *James and Mary's* disgruntled cook, the gold hat-band was last seen adorning the captain's hat, and if we can credit the oath of a querulous cook of the treasure-ship, the yard-long chain of gold passed quietly into the captain's possession. Mrs. Phips was to profit, too. It had been proper for the adventurers to present "a Doboy of Gold" to "the Queenes Majestie," and it was equally correct that the Duke of Albemarle should present his captain's wife with "a Golden Cup, near a Thousand Pound in value," despite the fact that he had never seen her.[23]

[22] Chancery Documents; Affidavit of John Smith, July 21, 1687, P.R.O., C, Register of Affidavits, 27, No. 1229.

[23] Mather, *Pietas in Patriam*, 14.

It was in order, too, that at Windsor on June 28, 1687, William Phips should be presented to the king by the Duke of Albemarle, and be straightway transformed into Sir William. It was fitting that the news of his knighthood "in consideration of his Loyalty, and good services in a late Expedition" should be blazoned in the *London Gazette*. Within a month the new knight received an added honor at royal hands when the office of provost marshal general of New England in America was bestowed on him by letters-patent under the great seal.[24] Medals were forthcoming, too. One bore the effigies of king and queen on the obverse, and on the reverse the treasure-ships riding at anchor off the wreck with the odd motto *Semper Tibi Pendeat Hamus* (let your hook always hang down). The other pictured Neptune with his trident watching the salvage operations, and offered a likeness of the Duke of Albemarle, flowing wig and sharp profile all complete. Its motto is simpler—*Ex Aqua Omnia*.[25] Small wonder that rumor was abroad to the effect that the proprietors intended to ask that all money coined from their plate bear a mark of distinction "as formerly that of Drake." And what less surprising than that on July 28, 1687, "the proprietors of the ship that found the treasure dined at the Swan Tavern in London, where they gave

[24] *London Gazette*, No. 2256, June 30 to July 4, 1687; Sunderland to attorney or solicitor-general, August 4, 1687, P.R.O., SP 44/337, 319,480.

[25] These medals, or some versions of them, are illustrated in Ward, *Duke of Albemarle*, 252; Evelyn, *Numismata* (London, 1697), 151; and in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1792), 19. In the last, the medal is described as "washed over in gold," and provided with "a chain to suspend it from the neck." Specimens which the writer has examined are of silver, with no trace of chain or ring.

the Captain a gold medal and chain, and to every sailor silver ones; the medals have the King and Queen's picture."[26] In distant Boston, Samuel Sewall referred to these events in his *Diary* long after they occurred—"the same day the Governor's Lady arriv'd, word came that Capt Phips was knighted, so have two Ladies in Town." And three days later he could make the significant entry—"I went to offer my Lady Phipps my house by Mr. Moody's and to congratulate her preferment. As to the former she had bought Samuel Wakefield's House and Ground last night for £350. I gave her a Gazette that related to her husbands knighthood, which she had not seen before and wish'd this success might not hinder her passage to a greater and better estate. She gave me a cup of good Beer and thank'd me for my visit." With such pious and delightful accompaniments Lady Phips was transmuting Spanish silver into Boston real estate. The only flaw in the picture of the proceedings is that Phips, possibly following the example set by the partners, refused to recognize old evidences of indebtedness, the discharge of which would make "too great a hole in his heap."[27]

The fair brick house at the corner of Salem and Charter Streets in Boston has disappeared. The "pretty marble monument" erected to Phips's memory in the London church of St. Mary's Woolnoth has perished likewise, with its "cupids, its figure of a ship, and also

[26] *News-Letter* (London, July 9, 1687), Historical Manuscripts Commission, *Downshire Manuscripts* (1924), I, pt. i, 254; Edmond Sawbell to Messrs. Goodwin and Martin, London, July 28, 1687, *ibid.*, 256.

[27] Samuel Sewall, *Diary* (Boston, 1878-1882), I, 192-193; Richard Wharton (?) to Hezekiah Usher, September 29, 1687, Massachusetts Archives, XXXVII, 160.

a boat at sea with persons in the water; these beheld by a winged eye, all done in basso relievo."[28] At first glance less substantial, but actually more lasting, were other memorials of Phips's exploits. In Hans Sloane's *Voyage to the Islands of Madera, etc.* there is not merely a brief account of the adventure, but among plates of Jamaican *flora* there is an engraving showing a spike and a bit of wood from the wreck, together with pieces of eight heavily encrusted with named varieties of coral, for Dr. Sloane was scientific as well as curious.[29] Of like enduring character are the memorials of Phips's achievement erected by the geographer. On the modern navy chart of the seas north of Hispaniola a reef bears the name Silver Bank. There can be no doubt that the name is derived from Sir William's discovery. On a map of 1680, the same reef bears its old name of Abreollio, but in *The English Pilot*, published in London in 1706, the identical reef bears the legend "Plate Wrack," while in Sloane's book, which came off a London press a year later, the legend is "Phipps' Rack."[30] As permanent, surely, is a portion of that eulogy on Phips which, having served as tail-piece to *Pietas in*

[28] *Near View of London* (1706), quoted in Goold, W., *Collections* of the Maine Historical Society, IX (1897), 57.

[29] Sloane, *Voyage to Madera, etc.*, plate IV. At the time when Mather was seeking admission to the Royal Society, he sent Dr. John Woodward a piece of limestone from the treasure-ship. G. L. Kittredge, "Cotton Mather's Election into the Royal Society," *Transactions*, Colonial Society of Massachusetts, XIV (1911), 83.

[30] U. S. navy chart, *West Indies, Island of Haiti*; *The English Pilot, The Fourth Book* (1706); Sloane, *Voyage to Madera, etc.*, cliv; *ibid.*; *New History of Jamaica* (1740). On the last-named map the reef has the title "Phypes Plat." The navy chart indicates that, on the northeast corner of the bank, where the wreck lay, there are "coral rocks awash."

Patriam, may properly end a history of treasure trove strange as any fiction.[21]

> Phips was our great friend, our wonder and our glory,
> The Terror of our foes, the world's rare story.
> England will boast him too whose noble mind
> Impelled by Angels, did those treasures find,
> Long in the Bottom of the ocean laid,
> Which her three hundred thousand richer made,
> By silver yet neer cankered nor defiled
> By honor, nor betrayed when fortune smiled.

[21] Mather, *Pietas in Patriam*, 111.

MELVILLE'S TESTAMENT OF ACCEPTANCE

E. L. GRANT WATSON

MELVILLE finished the short novel, *Billy Budd*, five months before his death in 1891. It was not published until 1924, when it was included in the Constable edition of 750 copies. No other printing has yet appeared.

The style of this product of Melville's last years is strikingly different from the exuberant and highly-colored prose of that great period of more ardent creation (1850 to 1852) which produced *Mardi*, *Moby-Dick*, and *Pierre*. Though it lacks that fine extravagance of the earlier books, which laid on the color with prodigality, *Billy Budd* is as rich, or even richer, in Melville's peculiar and elaborate symbolism; and this symbolism becomes all the more effective for being presented in a dry and objective manner. The fine flourishes, the purple patches, which scintillate brilliantly in *Moby-Dick*, and the deep sombre melancholy of *Pierre* are not here. The grandiloquence of youth which tempted Stevenson's very partial appreciation is here transformed into the dignity of an achieved detachment. The story develops simply, always unhurried, yet never lagging. Each character is described with the patience which the complex intention of the theme demands — the color of the eyes, the clothes, the complexion, the color of the skin, of the blood under the skin, the past, the present — these are hints at a deep and

solemn purpose, one no less ambitious than to portray those ambiguities of good and evil as the mutually dependant opposites, between which the world of realization finds its being.

The title *Billy Budd* is not without significance, and would strike some readers in its crude simplicity as proof that Melville was lacking in a sense of humor. How could any man, they would argue, write a tragedy and call it *Billy Budd*? But a sense of humor, like almost everything else, is relative. Melville certainly lacked it in the crude form; but he was always conscious of those occasions when he might seem, to a superficial view, to be wanting it. He is particularly conscious of the obvious, but not in the obvious manner; and when he uses such a name as *Billy Budd* to set as the hub round which his own philosophy of life must revolve, he does so consciously, choosing the obvious to carry the transcendental. "I have ever found the plain things, the knottiest of all," he has written; and so he has made the simple man, the every-day Billy, the handsome sailor, the hero of a tragedy. Humor is appreciated most easily when larger things contract suddenly to smaller things—as when a man slips on a piece of orange-peel, thus converting his intention of going about his business to the abrupt act of falling on his back-side. Yet a more imaginative intelligence might, with a sense of humor just as true, see in this fall, the destiny of man, with full chorus of pities and ironic spirits. The easy contraction will seem to the sophisticated too facile to provoke a smile, a larger humor is found in the reverse process, namely in a filling in, in an exaggeration from the particular to the

general. With such an added pinch of imagination, the obvious thing becomes the centre of mystery. And so, with a sense of humor which perceived both the obvious and the peculiar quality of the name, Melville deliberately chose "Billy Budd." Moreover, he made the hero of this, his gospel story (as it might well be called), a foundling of uncertain parentage, whose "entire family was practically invested in himself."

It is a mistake for critics to try to tell stories which authors must have told better in their texts. The critic's function is rather to hint at what lies beneath — hidden, sometimes, under the surface. Melville called his story "an inside narrative," and though it deals with events stirring and exciting enough in themselves, it is yet more exciting because it deals with the relation of those principles which constitute life itself. A simple-mindedness unaffected by the shadow of doubt, a divine innocence and courage, which might suggest a Christ not yet conscious of His divinity, and a malice which has lost itself in the unconscious depths of mania — the very mystery of iniquity — these opposites here meet, and find their destiny. But Melville's theme is even larger. All the grim setting of the world is in the battleship *Indomitable*; war and threatened mutiny are the conditions of her existence. Injustice and inhumanity are implicit, yet Captain Vere, her commander, is the man who obeys the law, and yet understands the truth of the spirit. It is significant of Melville's development since the writing of *Moby-Dick* and *Pierre*, that he should create this naval captain — wholly pledged to the unnaturalness of the law, but sufficiently touched, at the same time, by the divine difference from ordinary san-

ity (he goes by the nick-name of "Starry Vere"), as to live the truth *within* the law, and yet, in the cruel process of that very obedience, to redeem an innocent man from the bitterness of death imposed by the same law. A very different ending this from the despairing acts of dissolution which mark the conclusions of the three earlier books: *Mardi*, *Moby-Dick*, and *Pierre*.

Melville is no longer a rebel. It should be noted that Billy Budd has not, even under the severest provocation, any element of rebellion in him; he is too free a soul to need a quality which is a virtue only in slaves. His nature spontaneously accepts whatever may befall. When impressed from the merchant-ship, the *Rights of Man*, he makes no demur to the visiting lieutenant's order to get ready his things for trans-shipment. The crew of the merchant-ship are surprised and reproachful at his uncomplaining acquiescence. Once aboard the battleship, the young sailor begins to look around for the advantages of chance and adventure. Such simple power to accept gives him the buoyancy to override troubles and irritations which would check inferior natures.

Yet his complete unconsciousness of the attraction, and consequent repulsion, that his youthful beauty and unsophisticated good-fellowship exercise on Claggart, make it only easier for these qualities to turn envy into hatred. His very virtue makes him the target for the shaft of evil, and his quality of acceptance provokes to action its complementary opposite, the sense of frustration that can not bear the consciousness of itself, and so has to find escape in mania. Thus there develops the conflict between unconscious virtue (not even aware of

its loss of Eden and unsuspecting of the presence of evil) and the bitter perversion of love which finds its only solace in destruction.

And not only Billy Budd is marked by this supreme quality of acceptance. Captain Vere, also, possesses it, but with full consciousness, and weighted with the responsibility of understanding the natural naturalness of man's volition and the unnatural naturalness of the law. In the summing up at the drum-head court-martial of the case for the law against the innocent man, he said:

> Now can we adjudge to summary and shameful death a fellow-creature innocent before God, and whom we feel to be so? — Does that state it right? You sign sad assent. Well, I too feel the full force of that. It is Nature. But do these buttons that we wear attest that our allegiance is to Nature? No, to the King. Though the ocean, which is inviolate Nature primeval, though this be the element where we move and have our being as sailors, yet as the King's officers lies our duty in a sphere correspondingly natural? . . . We fight at command. If our judgements approve the war, that is but coincidence. So in other particulars. So now, would it be not so much ourselves that would condemn as it would be martial law operating through us? For that law and the rigour of it, we are not responsible. Our vowed responsibility is in this: That however pitilessly that law may operate, we nevertheless adhere to it and administer it.

In Captain Vere we find a figure which may interestingly be compared to Pontius Pilate. Like Pilate, he condemns the just man to a shameful death, knowing him to be innocent, but, unlike Pilate, he does not wash his hands, but manfully assumes the full responsibility, and in such a way as to take the half, if not more than the half, of the bitterness of the execution upon himself. We are given to suppose that there is an affinity, a

spiritual understanding between Captain Vere and Billy Budd, and it is even suggested that in their partial and separate existences they contribute two essential portions of that larger spirit which is man. Such passages as that quoted lie on the surface of this story, but they indicate the depths beneath. There are darker hints: those deep, far-away things in Vere, those occasional flashings-forth of intuition — short, quick probings to the very axis of reality. Though the book be read many times, the student may still remain baffled by Melville's significant arrangement of images. The story is so solidly filled out as to suggest dimensions in all directions. As soon as the mind fastens upon one subject, others flash into being.

Melville reported in *Pierre* how he fished his line into the deep sea of childhood, and there, as surely as any modern psychoanalyst, discovered all the major complexes that have since received baptism at the hands of Freudians. He peered as deep as any into the origins of sensuality, and in conscious understanding he was the equal of any modern psychologist; in poetic divination he has the advantage of most. No doubt the stresses of his own inner life demanded this exceptional awareness. In this book of his old age, the images which he chose for the presentation of his final wisdom, move between the antinomies of love and hate, of innocence and malice. From behind — from far behind the main pageant of the story — there seem to fall suggestive shadows of primal, sexual simplicities. In so conscious a symbolist as Melville, it would be surprising if there should be no meaning or half-meaning in the spilling of Billy's soup towards the homosexually-disposed

Claggart, in the impotence of Billy's speech in the presence of his accuser, in his swift and deadly answer, or the likening of Claggart's limp, dead body to that of a snake.

It is possible that such incidents might be taken as indications of some unresolved problem in the writer himself. This may be, but when we remember how far Melville had got in the process of self-analysis in *Pierre*, and when we have glanced at the further analysis that is obvious in the long narrative poem *Clarel*, it seems likely that this final book, written nearly forty years after *Pierre*, should contain a further, deeper wisdom. And as the philosophy in it has grown from that of rebellion to that of acceptance, as the symbolic figures of unconscious forces have become always more concrete and objective, so we may assume that these hints are intentional, and that Melville was particularly conscious of what he was doing.

But let no one suppose that he would ever pin an image to his scale of value, as an entomologist would pin an insect to his board; there is always in his interpretation a wide spaciousness. He lifts some familiar object, holding it to his light, that it may glow and illumine some portion of what must always remain vast and unknown. For his suggestive use of words, and the special values he gives them, and the large implication he can in this way compress into a sentence, the passage which tells how Billy Budd was hanged from the main yard-arm of the battle-ship *Indomitable* is a good example:

> Billy stood facing aft. At the penultimate moment, his words, his only ones, words wholly unobstructed in the utterance, were

these — "God bless Captain Vere!" Syllables so unanticipated coming from one with the ignominious hemp about his neck — a conventional felon's benediction directed aft towards the quarters of honour; syllables, too, delivered in the clear melody of a singing bird on the point of launching from the twig, had a phenomenal effect, not unenhanced by the rare personal beauty of the young sailor, spiritualised now through late experiences so poignantly profound.

Without volition, as it were, as if indeed the ship's populace were the vehicles of some vocal current-electric, with one voice, from alow and aloft, came a resonate echo — "God bless Captain Vere!" And yet at that instant Billy alone must have been in their hearts, even as he was in their eyes.

At the pronounced words and the spontaneous echo that voluminously rebounded them, Captain Vere, either through stoic self-control or a sort of momentary paralysis induced by emotional shock, stood erectly rigid as a musket in the ship-armourer's rack.

The hull, deliberately recovering from the periodic roll to leeward, was just regaining an even keel, when the last signal, the preconcerted dumb one, was given. At the same moment it chanced that the vapoury fleece hanging low in the east, was shot through with a soft glory as of the fleece of the Lamb of God seen in mystical vision, and simultaneously therewith, watched by the wedged mass of upturned faces, Billy ascended; and ascending, took the full rose of the dawn.

In the pinioned figure, arrived at the yard-end, to the wonder of all, no motion was apparent save that created by the slow roll of the hull, in moderate weather so majestic in a great ship heavy-cannoned.

Here is Melville at his very best, at his deepest, most poetic, and therefore at his most concentrated, most conscious. Every image has its significant implication: the very roll of the heavily-cannoned ship so majestic in moderate weather — the musket in the ship-armourer's rack; and Billy's last words are the triumphant seal of

his acceptance, and they are more than that, for in this supreme passage a communion between personality at its purest, most-God-given form, and character, hard-hammered from the imperfect material of life on the battleship *Indomitable*, is here suggested, and one feels that the souls of Captain Vere and Billy are at that moment strangely one.

In this short history of the impressment and hanging of a handsome sailor-boy, are to be discovered problems almost as profound as those which puzzle us in the pages of the Gospels. *Billy Budd* is a book to be read many times, for at each reading it will light up, as do the greater experiences of life, a beyond leading always into the unknown.

JAMES JACKSON JARVES
A FORGOTTEN NEW ENGLANDER

THEODORE SIZER

IT is curious, sometimes, how significant events are misinterpreted and interesting personalities misunderstood by one generation, vaguely remembered by the next, and forthwith forgotten.[1] The cosmopolitan James Jackson Jarves,[2] editor of the first newspaper published in the Hawaiian Islands, author of a dozen popular and scholarly books, constant contributor to magazines and newspapers, diplomat, pioneer American connoisseur, critic,[3] art collector, and ardent leader in

[1] This paper was read at a meeting of the Rembrandt Club, Brooklyn, November 9, 1931; at the New Haven Colony Historical Society, New Haven, April 25, 1932; and at the College Art Association, Chicago, June 16, 1933.

[2] There are no biographies of Jarves other than short, unsigned articles in *Appleton's* (1900), *Lamb's* (1901), the *National Cyclopædia* (1901), all of which contain a number of errors, and the article by the writer in a recently-published volume of the *Dictionary of American Biography*, which contains a complete bibliography, with the exception of references to magazines, as follows: *Harper's Monthly* (February, 1854): "Life in Paris"; *Atlantic Monthly* (July, 1860): "On the Formation of Galleries of Art"; (November, 1860): "Italian Experiences in Collecting 'Old Masters'"; (September, 1869): "The Genius of Doré"; and (September, 1874): "Piscaglio, the Home of a Mad Artist"; the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review* (London: I, 1863, 393-401): "Art in America, Its Condition and Prospects"; and the *Galaxy*, VIII (October, 1869): "Asceticism, or the Sanctuary of St. Francis." There is a lengthy and unreasonably savage attack upon Jarves's *Art-Hints* in the *Crayon*, II, No. VII (August 15, 1855), and an interesting unsigned reply in the same of September 26, 1855. Jarves occasionally wrote letters to this journal: see July 18, 1855.

[3] Lewis Mumford in his *Brown Decades* (New York, 1931) refers to Jarves as "the foremost American critic of art before John LaFarge." Mr. Mumford's quotations from Jarves's *The Art-Idea* (New York, 1864) are particularly happy. Robert Allerton Parker, in his article, "Paolo

the "museum movement," scarcely deserves oblivion. Notwithstanding his many and varied achievements, his name would have been lost sight of but for its association with a large and surprisingly well-balanced collection of early Italian pictures at the Yale Gallery of Fine Arts. During his lifetime his plans failed, and his ideals were mistrusted, his taste and æsthetic discrimination being far too advanced for his countrymen of the decades before and after the Civil War. However, his incessant labor for the promotion of art and his tireless efforts in behalf of the creation of art museums[4] (only recently thought necessities, like automobiles), have, in spite of the caprices of time, borne fruit a hundred-fold. His books are no longer read, but concrete achievements remain to him other than the powerful though intangible impetus he gave to the cause of art and cultural advancement in America. The "Jarves Collection" at the Yale Gallery of Fine Arts and the

Uccello," *International Studio* (March, 1928), speaks of ". . . our early American collector . . . founder of the Jarves collection at Yale University and a connoisseur of intuitive insight and sensibility. . . . Independent in his tastes, indifferent to myth and legends, Mr. Jarves appreciated Uccello before it was the stylish thing to do." Jarves rarely did the fashionable thing. His interest in the abstract beauty of clipper ships and machinery is characteristic. He wrote in *Art Thoughts* (1869), that "perhaps America is destined to make its most rapid artistic development in architecture," a prophecy that was fulfilled two generations later.

[4] Jarves's ideas — quite revolutionary for his time, as to this subject — are contained in an article, "Museums of Art, Artists, and Amateurs in America," published in the *Galaxy* (July, 1870). These ideas run through most of his works. In *Art Thoughts* he writes: "The educational advantages of galleries and museums, and their conservative and refining influence on society, in teaching respect for the past, and affording the means of estimating the actual progress of manners and ideas of various races, are less notably considered. In America the popular notion of them is simply as depositories of curiosities to amuse an idle hour, but not of sufficient importance to be critically examined. . . ."

"Holden Collection" in The Cleveland Museum of Art (both of Italian pictures), a collection of Venetian glass at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, and another of textiles at Wellesley College, now form the chief monuments to this far-sighted and disappointed Bostonian.

Jarves's parentage, like everything about him, was interesting. The family was descended from French Huguenots,[5] who found refuge in England, where the name Jervois became Jarves. Later, owing to their strong republican views, they emigrated to America and established themselves in New England. Jarves's grandfather, John, married a Mrs. Hannah Deming, the widowed daughter of the celebrated Samuel Seabury (1729-1796), the first American Episcopal bishop. John's son, Deming, born in 1790, was a hard-working, imaginative, and successful glass-manufacturer. In transmitting a gift of 280 pieces of Venetian glass to the Metropolitan Museum, James Jackson Jarves wrote:

> My father, Deming Jarves,[6] of Boston, who died in 1869, was the first man in America to establish the manufacture of this beautiful article on a large scale [he was the founder in 1825 of the famous Boston and Sandwich Glass Company of Sandwich and Lechmere, now East Cambridge, Massachusetts] and took much satisfaction in it, both making and losing a fortune in his business experiments. Indeed, among his friends, he was sometimes called the "Father of American Glass."

[5] Mrs. Walter Raleigh Kerr (Annabel Jarves), of "Melbourne Hall," Derby, and London, writes the author as follows: ". . . The first records of the ancestors of James Jackson Jarves date from about 1265; they were Seigneurs of Gervois, or Jervois, in Auvergne, and fled from France upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The family settled in England and were prominent for their wealth and staunch Whig principles. . . ."

[6] Mrs. Rhea Knittle, the well-known authority on early American glass, wrote the article on Deming Jarves for the *Dictionary of American Biography*.

Besides making "Sandwich Glass,"[7] which he himself continued until 1858 (the company did not go out of existence until 1888) he was credited with many inventions and patents, all for glass-makers' use. His *Reminiscences of Glass Making* was printed privately in 1854, and in 1865 a public edition appeared. Deming Jarves married Anna Smith Stutson, the daughter of W. and Lydia Stutson (a common variant of Stetson). Their gifted son's leisure for study and travel was due not only to the glass-maker's modest fortune but their uncommon and sympathetic understanding.

James Jackson Jarves was born in Boston on August 20, 1818[8]—not 1820, as usually stated. His boyhood

[7] Flora Jarves, of Kingston, Rhode Island, a daughter by the first marriage, writes: "It is hardly necessary, I suppose, to correct the statement that my father ruined himself with his collection, etc. Most certainly he did, but back of him was my Grandfather and some credit is due to him, and something more than has lately been given him of 'Sandwich Glass fame.' It is useless to try to describe this silly fad for Sandwich glass, which is trash. The real Sandwich glass is seldom seen and very rare. I have the real pieces and the bad ones. My father tried to bring the art of Venice into the works in Sandwich because of the fine sand there, but there was not enough, nor could they make it strong enough — so when they gave up the Sandwich glass proper they began this pressed glass stuff much to the disgust of my father, but when it sold for twice as much as the real, 'cui bono'? Again the U. S. idea of art."

[8] It is curious that so much confusion should exist over the dates of the birth and the death of one who lived in the middle of the past century. The year 1818 is given as his birth in the obituary notice in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of July 2, 1888, in *Lamb's Dictionary*, and in the family records furnished by his daughter, Mrs. Kerr. However, *Appleton's* and the *National Dictionary*, as well as the *Boston Post* for July 2, 1888, from which these are derived, give the year as 1820. One can easily see how August 20, 1818, might become August 18, 1820. A further obituary notice in the *Boston Traveler* of July 2, 1888, states "he was born in Boston, Aug. 18, 1819." As Jarves was baptized at West Church (Congregational), Boston, on December 13, 1818, the years 1819 and 1820 are obviously wrong. To settle the question Jarves's family monument in the English Cemetery in Rome was consulted, with the result of making matters still more complicated! The

was spent in Boston and Sandwich, on Cape Cod, where his family had a country home. Although he attended Chauncy Hall School in Boston, this imaginative and inquisitive youth was largely self-taught. He was a born collector[9] and recorder. At one time he seriously considered becoming a historian and, at another, a medical man; but any such hopes were dashed as, at the age of fifteen he was forced, by sickness and impaired eyesight, to abandon all formal study. All through his life he keenly regretted that he had not been able to attend Harvard College. But this boy was

inscription is as follows: "Sacred to the memory of / Isabel Kast Jarves / died August 7, 1887, / and of her son / James Jackson Jarves / died November 20, 1884 / aged 15 / James Jackson Jarves / born 1816 — died 1887." The writer believes both Jarves's dates to be incorrect. The birth-date of 1816 is mentioned in no other record. It is more probable, too, that he was christened at the age of four months rather than at two years and four months. One may expect a mistake in a birth-date in a half a century old obituary notice of a prominent citizen, but hardly with a death date. The tombstone date 1887 appears in no other record. His daughter, Mrs. Kerr, states, "my father died on June 28, 1888, at Tarasp, Engadine. This is absolutely correct as I was with him then." His death was reported by cable in American newspapers on Monday, July 2, 1888.

[9] Extract from Jarves's *Art Thoughts, The Experiences and Observations of an American Amateur in Europe* (353): "I was born a collector. As soon as promoted to the dignity of pockets, I collected shells, then minerals, coins, Indian relics, rare books, and whatever America in my boyhood had to offer that was strange and interesting to one of my means and opportunities. Besides the wholesome physical occupation given by these pursuits, there is much and varied instruction to be gotten, which becomes a prolific source of intellectual enjoyment in riper years. The genuine collector has in him a force of enthusiasm that sometimes makes a fool of him, but in the end carries him triumphant through many a strait, giving to his labors a pleasurable zest such as can be appreciated only by those who have partaken of it. Looking back now in the decline of life, with a judgment sobered down to the standard of advice once given me by a veteran dealer of Rome, 'Never to buy a picture with a hot head,' I almost covet the return of the delicious thrills of earlier times, when my desire to possess was more urgent than prudence, and my imagination more active than reason. A born collector can no more avoid taking impromptu risks and committing extravagances than the gosling fail to take to swimming."

far too interested in life and in things about him long to be daunted. His extensive and somewhat perilous travels began in 1834, when he was sixteen. He visited California, Mexico, Central and South America, and the Sandwich Islands, and published accounts of his wanderings in three volumes in 1837, 1843, and 1844. His *Scenes and Scenery in California* was written "prior (1844) to the conquest by the United States and the discovery of gold," these "circumstances make the volume one of peculiar interest and value to the students of our national history and progress."[10] The *History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands*, which went through three editions, still appears in the bibliography of those islands in the most recent edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which thus bears witness to the powers of the young author after eighty-nine years.

In 1838 Jarves married Elizabeth Russell Swain at New Bedford, Massachusetts, and two years later, in Honolulu, the busy young man became the editor of a weekly newspaper, the *Polynesian*, founding the earliest paper to be published there. Four years later he was made director of the Hawaiian government press, and thus his journal became the official organ of the native government. He is erroneously said to have been appointed United States consul in 1839.[11] In 1848, he

[10] The writer knows of only one copy (an imperfect one, some of the plates are missing) of this book which is in the Huntington Library at San Marino, California. The very existence of this volume has been questioned. It has not been listed in the California bibliographies. The quotation is from the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of July 2, 1888.

[11] This appointment is noted only in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, July 2, 1888. The State Department writes it "has no record of service by Mr. Jarves in the Sandwich Islands" but that he "was appointed Vice Consul at Florence, Italy, September 17, 1880, and that he sent in his resignation under date of December 17, 1882."

returned home, having been commissioned to negotiate commercial treaties with the United States, Great Britain, and France. He found life in Europe, and especially in Italy, so congenial or fascinating that he settled first in Paris and later Florence, hoping never to have to leave the capital of Tuscany for any length of time. For more than thirty years he lived in his beloved Italy. "His was a case almost parallel to that of the Scandinavian sculptor Thorwaldsen, who felt he had reached his native land, and began for the first time to live on reaching Italy."[12] In Florence he numbered among his friends the Brownings, the Trollopes, Landor, George Eliot, Charlotte Cushman, and it is said, Margaret Fuller—as well as Ruskin, Rossetti, and Hawthorne—and "all the other American and English geniuses that made Italy their home during a remarkable period."

He produced amidst these pleasant surroundings a succession of books and magazine articles on the manners and customs of those about him, for he "was a natural observer of racial peculiarities."[13] His *Parisian Sights and French Principles, seen through American Spectacles*, was published in 1852, much to the annoyance of the French government. The *Boston Post* called it "Without question, one of the raciest books written about Parisian life and manners." Then a romance on Hawaii preceded a half-dozen volumes on art, which finally became his all-pervading concern. The interests of this original and vigorous thinker were catholic. Architecture, painting, ancient and modern sculpture,

[12] "The Breakfast Table," *Boston Daily Advertiser*, July 2, 1888.
[13] *Ibid.*

as well as manners and customs he analyzed critically and interpreted with intelligence—even from the standpoint of the present day. "His literary style was singularly pure, and remarkable for a steady, equal strength that left an unusual impression on the reader," according to a Boston paper.[14] "Next after Ruskin, we are disposed to rank the author of 'Art Hints,'" stated the *North American Review*—Jarves was only five months the English critic's senior. "Mr. Jarves was one of the few New Englanders," commented a Boston paper at the time of his death, "born with a true, instinctive love for art as differentiated from the many New Englanders who cultivate or assume a fondness for it."[15] As he grew older his wide and active interest in observation centered more and more on the Italian "Old Masters," which he came to know intimately. It is quite characteristic of him to have been among the earliest to recognize the excellence of hitherto unknown Japanese art and to have written a volume, *A Glimpse at the Art of Japan*, without having visited that country[16]—a book that was "regarded by the most eminent critics as the standard authority."[17] He constantly saw what others could not then see, formed independent and sound

[14] *Boston Traveler*, July 2, 1888.

[15] See note 12.

[16] Jarves's supposed visit to Japan has at various times puzzled the writer. In an unidentified clipping we learn that "this [*Glimpses at the Art of Japan*] is thought by many his most remarkable work for its justness and insight, and especially as he had never been in Japan, and studied the art only through what he had seen of it." Mrs. Kerr knows nothing of the trip to Japan, but doubts it. There is no mention of the visit in the book, which was written in Florence. In view of the fact that Commodore Perry visited Japan only in 1853 and 1854, and Jarves left for Europe in 1848, the conclusion seems obvious.

[17] See note 14.

judgments far in advance of his time, and then preached in print with the ardor, vitality, and elegance of an old New England school-master.

In 1880 Jarves once more combined diplomacy with his active career as author, serving the United States as vice-consul and acting-consul in Florence until 1882. In 1884, he was approached, the writer is told, by James G. Blaine, with a view to discovering if he would accept the post of minister to Italy should the election turn out successfully for that candidate.[18] Jarves, however, in spite of the pressure of consular duties and other responsibilities, continued to write, elucidate, philosophize, and preach to the end of his life.

Writing, and especially writing about art—"the study of art . . . was the consuming passion of his life"[19]—led to another interest, the collecting of the then misunderstood and despised Italian pictures of the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries.[20] "Despised" is perhaps too strong a word, for the public of the fifties and sixties was both ignorant and indifferent to the schools which existed before Raphael and Michelangelo, Guido Reni and the rest of his mawkish and sentimental

[18] Mrs. Kerr, Jarves's younger daughter by his second marriage, who at one time acted as her father's secretary, is the source for this statement.

[19] *Boston Post*, July 2, 1888.

[20] See Jarves's *Italian Rambles — Studies of Life and Manners in New and Old Italy*, 151-154. There is a short account of the collection in No. 2171 of the London *Athenæum*, June 5, 1869, in which there is a reference to "Mr. Jarves, a gentleman whose researches after 'Old Masters' have in various instances been crowned by noticeable good fortune, — if, indeed, I can apply the term 'good fortune' to what is in reality discrimination leagued with zeal."

Those interested in the history of collecting — and the production of forgeries should see Jarves's "Italian Experiences in Collecting 'Old Masters'" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, VI (November, 1860), 578-586.

school occupying the places of highest honor. The acquisition of pictures led, in turn, to a larger conception, the establishment of a *scientifically* arranged art gallery somewhere in America, preferably in Boston, the city of his birth.[21] The inception of this idea is better explained in his own words:

During a long residence in Europe, chiefly in Italy, the writer was led to the study of art at large, the preliminary results of which, in the shape of abstract suggestions, were given to the public in "Art Hints," in 1855. Its favorable reception was an additional encouragement for the continuance of a pursuit, which, while so full of enjoyment to him individually, seemed also to be not without interest to his fellow citizens generally. The historical and critical researches required for the preparation of "Art-Studies" — a work chiefly referring to the Italian schools of painting, with special reference to the æsthetic wants of America — now in course of publication by Messrs. Derby and Jackson, New York, led to the conception of a gallery or museum of olden art for America, based upon a chronological and historical sequence of paintings, arranged according to their motives and technical progress. Without such a museum of reference, it was evident that a work on Italian art would possess but slight interest for our public; while, if formed, each would illustrate and add to the value of the other. Accordingly, he determined to attempt it. Familiar with Italian life; living in the midst of the art that was his daily study; in

[21] See unsigned article indexed as James Russell Lowell (*Atlantic Index*, 1889) in the *Atlantic Monthly*, VI, 509-510, probably by Charles Eliot Norton, in which the collection is described: "Mr. Jarves is desirous that the gallery should remain in his native city of Boston, and to that end is willing to part with it on very generous terms." Jarves wrote to Norton in 1859 from Florence that, "it has long been a pet scheme of mine to initiate in Boston a permanent Gallery of paintings, with particular reference to the chronology, motives and technical progress of Art, from the earliest development in Italy of the Christian idea, until its climax in the matured genius of its several illustrious schools." See Jarves's article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, VI, 106-109: "On the Formation of Galleries of Art," which is referred to in the Norton correspondence in the Boston Athenæum.

constant intercourse with many of the best European connoisseurs; assisted by sympathizing artistic friends, and particularly by a Greek artist, Sig. G. Mignaty, whose knowledge of the history and technical processes, combined with a keen perception and deep feeling in art, is very remarkable; after several years of search in the highways and byways of Europe — the writer succeeded in getting together the pictures described in this Catalogue, believing that ultimately they will be found worthy of forming the nucleus of a Free Gallery in one of our large cities, and thus be made to promote his aim — the diffusion of artistic knowledge and æsthetic taste in America.[22]

The inquisitive Jarves was well qualified for the preparation of such a catalogue — though in light of our present-day knowledge we are apt to smile at some of his attributions.[23] His critical ability was well fortified with such historical researches as he could make a generation before the Bodes, Berensons, and Van Marles and the accumulation of scientifically-arranged photographs. He was, we may be sure, in constant

[22] *Prefatory Remarks in his Descriptive Catalogue of "Old Masters" . . . to illustrate the History of Painting from A.D. 1200 to the Best Periods of Italian Art*, 1860. Most of the pictures included in this catalogue are now in the Yale Collection.

[23] Extract from *Catalogue of the Jarves Collection of Early Italian Pictures, deposited in the Galleries of the Yale School of Fine Arts. To be sold by Auction in the Galleries at Yale College, New Haven, Conn., on Thursday, November 9th, 1871.* . . . (4): "The collection is especially rich in specimens, . . . of the earliest days of revived art. . . . Cimabue, Giotto, Duccio, Taddeo and Agnolo Gaddi, Andrea Orcagna, Gentile da Fabriano, (a signed picture by this very rare artist, of whom not above eight works are known to be extant in Europe,) Fra Angelico, Sano di Pietro, Masaccio, (a fragment of a *predella* cited by Vasari,) Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Pietro Perugino, Lorenzo di Credi, Fra Bartolomeo, (a very grand altar-piece,) Lo Spagna, Sodoma (two fine specimens,) Pinturicchio, Domenico and Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, Raphael, (a very interesting early work, painted by him while still with his master, Perugino, from a design of his, but with variations), all these, and several other less generally known names are represented. There are also some interesting portraits, especially a contemporary one of Fernando Cortés, and a full-length Spanish grandee in armor, by Velasquez."

intercourse with the ablest European connoisseurs of his time. In his own words, again:

. . . My adventures in this pursuit were often curious and instructive. They involved an inquisition into the intricacies of numberless villas, palaces, convents, churches, and household dens, all over this portion of Italy; the employment of many agents to scent out my prey; many fatiguing journeyings; miles upon miles of wearisome staircases; dusty explorations of dark retreats; dirt, disappointment, fraud, lies and money often fruitlessly spent; all compensated, however, by the gradual accumulation of a valuable gallery. . . . On one occasion, to get nine pictures, I was obliged to purchase a gallery upwards of two hundred; the unnecessary ones being sold at auction in England. On another, having discovered a fine old Pollajuolo, the owner would not let me have it, unless I bought all in the room, (forty-four in number,) which also went to auction. I discovered a hoard of four thousand pictures got together a century ago by an eccentric Abbé who bought everything brought to him. They had been inherited by an aged miser, from whom, with painful negotiations, I obtained a fine altar-piece by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo and other pictures. In the lumber room of a famous convent I chanced upon a beautiful Perugino, so smoked and dirtied as to be cast aside by the monks, who, for a consideration, gladly let me bear it away, and which upon cleaning, proved to be untouched, and one of his finest compositions. It was a small easel picture. A beautiful full length portrait of a Spanish grandee, by Velasquez, was found among the earth and rubbish of a noble villa, cut out from its frame, crusted with dirt, but beneath in fine preservation. . . .[24]

It might be said in parentheses that "The Rape of Deianira" by Antonio Pollaiuolo is one of the out-

[24] *Letters relating to a Collection of Pictures made by Mr. J. J. Jarves* (Cambridge: Privately Printed, 1859). Five letters with foreword by C. E. Norton. "The following papers, relating to the collection of pictures formed by Mr. Jarves, are printed in order to present to those interested in such a gallery for Boston the information necessary as a basis for action. . . ."

standing canvases in the Yale Collection, was one of the three "Jarves pictures" lent for the great exhibition of Italian Art held at the Royal Academy, London, during the winter of 1930, and is now again one of the three loans from Yale at the "Century of Progress" Exhibition at Chicago.[25] The other pictures referred to by Jarves are at New Haven, though the "Spanish Grandee" by "Velasquez" is labelled "Military Commander, Artist Unknown, Genoese School, end of XVII century," and the "Perugino" now carries the name of "Simbaldo Ibi," a work-shop assistant of the Perugian master. In like manner a "Giorgione" became "Giovanni Cariani" in the *Descriptive Catalogue* compiled by Osvald Sirén in 1916, and is now listed, on the authority of Bernhard Berenson, as an early work of Titian. Again he explains in a small handbook[26] of a later collection which subsequently became the Holden Collection in The Cleveland Museum of Art:

> The old masters of this gallery were secured many years ago, when circumstances for their acquisition were more favorable than at present. They are not presented as master-pieces, but as types of the greater men and their schools, fairly characterizing their motives, coloring, design and modelling; average representative examples of their minor work, but possessing some distinctive, recognizable qualities, to those who have made a study of them.

[25] Numbers 13 (Bernardo Daddi), 44 (Neroccio), and 123 (Pollaiuolo), *Catalogue Exhibition of Italian Art, 1200-1900* (London, 1930); and Number 84 (Daddi), 122 (Piero di Cosimo), 124 (Pollaiuolo), *Catalogue for the Century of Progress Fine Arts Exhibition* (Chicago, 1933).

[26] *Hand Book for Visitors to the Hollenden Gallery of Old Masters, exhibited at the Boston Foreign Art Exhibition in 1883-1884* (Boston, 1884).

The reception of his pictures, the largest and most important collection of early Italian masters,[27] which had yet been brought to America (the Bryan Collection,[28] which arrived seven years before, contained about thirty examples) was disappointing from the first. He planned to exhibit them first in Boston, but in the midst of his negotiations with Charles Eliot Norton, he was persuaded by a New York friend to send them to that city. This was in 1860—ten years before the founding of the Metropolitan in New York and the Fine Arts in Boston. This extraordinary collection of 145 pictures was exhibited in 1860-1861 in the Institute of Fine

[27] The collection was heralded by letters from Jarves, Sir Charles Eastlake, A. F. Rio, C. C. Black, and T. A. Trollope, published in the *Crayon* for March and April, 1860. The collection had been attacked by the same journal, before it arrived in this country, in their December, 1859, number: "What this gallery of pictures may be, how much of truth or of beauty it displays that would be of service to Boston, we cannot tell. . . ." In a review of Jarves's *Art-Hints* in the August 15, 1855, number, his idea of an art museum was pooh-poohed, "we do *not* need Art-students . . . we need only men who will . . . stand with their brows bared and their eyes and hearts open before Nature . . . we do not believe that all the pictures in Europe ever made an artist one whit greater. . . ."

Extract from Richard Offner's *Italian Primitives at Yale University* (1927), 2: "The collection contains no world masterpieces, nor again any blatant curiosity to attract the profane or restless interest; it nevertheless possesses distinctions that are both unique and important. For academic purposes it is perhaps the most useful of all university collections for its fairly even distribution of illustrations of three centuries of Tuscan painting; and is more adequately supplied in fine and rare examples of the thirteenth century of this area than any other public museum outside Italy."

[28] Thomas J. Bryan's collection, brought over in 1853, and presented to the New York Historical Society in 1867. Helen McAfee, managing editor of the *Yale Review*, tells me that she once questioned Edith Wharton about her story of the early American collector of Italian pictures, *Old New York, False Dawn* (*The 'Forties*) (New York, 1924), and discovered that it was the "Bryan Collection of Old Masters" that Mrs. Wharton had in mind and not the "Jarves Collection," as many believe.

Arts[29] at 625 Broadway, New York—"the new marble gallery," to quote Jarves. Three series of catalogues were published, all prepared by Jarves himself; one he fortified with a long list of documents from the chief European and American critics.[30] In 1863 the pictures were again exhibited in the rooms of the New York Historical Society. Although they were well shown, popular interest was lacking. Only a few grasped the significance of the collection; the many must have thought Jarves's "wiry Madonnas" puerile, and all his talk about the necessity of art museums ridiculous. His incessant preaching must have made him a bit of a bore.

The pictures were then removed to Boston, "where also there was no will to buy them"[31]—perhaps the three-year exhibition in New York might have had something to do with this. "I was nine years," wrote Jarves, "engaged in finding them, and wearily one by one, and in that time rejected hundreds." Some were "sold to pay expenses of transfers and general cost of keeping the collection as intact as possible."[32] He could have sold them piecemeal, but "Mr. Jarves was not disposed to scatter a collection so valuable in its collec-

[29] Kept by Chauncey L. Derby and confusingly referred to as the "Derby Gallery" and the "Derby Institute."

[30] *Descriptive Catalogue of the Paintings now on exhibition at the Institute of Fine Arts, 625 Broadway, comprising the celebrated pictures of the well known Düsseldorf Gallery with several interesting additions and the Unique Jarves Collection of Old Masters* (New York, 1860 and 1861), and *Descriptive Catalogue of "Old Masters" collected by James J. Jarves to illustrate the History of Painting from A.D. 1200 to the best periods of Italian art and deposited in the "Institute of Fine Arts," 625 Broadway* (Cambridge, 1860).

[31] *New York Daily Tribune*, February 13, 1868.

[32] *Boston Daily Advertiser*, undated clipping preserved in a scrap-book at the Yale Gallery of Fine Arts.

tive character as an illustration of the development of early Christian art and a school for the American art student. The whole was therefore offered in one lot."[33] Charles Eliot Norton tried to secure Jarves's great collection for the Boston Athenæum[34] or for Harvard,[35] but he encountered indifference, prejudice, and even hostility at almost every turn — although he finally succeeded in persuading the trustees of the Athenæum to set aside their entire "Fine Arts Fund" for the acquisition of the collection. Then word got about somehow that Jarves had sold a few pictures — presumably to pay for the heavy shipping and carrying charges — which pictures were not what they had been represented to be. Norton was warned anonymously that "horse dealing and picture dealing are in the same category [and I] cannot bear to have Boston victimized. . . . if the collection were sold in London, or Paris, *on its merits* . . . it would come to grief and the owner would get shil-

[33] *New York Daily Tribune*, November 10, 1871.

[34] The Boston Athenæum possesses most of the correspondence concerning these negotiations.

[35] Norton wrote to Russell Sturgis, Jr., of New York on November 23, 1867: "there are few collections in Europe — if we exclude the galleries in the great capitals — which surpass it. . . . Such a collection would make a truly magnificent foundation for a gallery. The institution which should acquire it would have an easy preëminence over all other schools of art in America. . . . I truly desire that Yale should secure a gallery that would add so much to her resources of culture, and I shall be glad to do anything in my power to promote the success of your exertions."

In this connection, museum chronology is interesting. The Athenæum was founded in 1807, the Fogg Museum at Harvard in 1895. The Yale Gallery, at first known as the "Trumbull Gallery," was opened to the public in 1832, only two years after the Munich Glyptothek, the earliest museum building in Germany. The National Gallery, London, was founded in 1824 and the Victoria and Albert (South Kensington) in 1852. The earliest museum of any kind in this country was that at Charleston, S. C., which was founded in 1773, only twenty years after the British Museum.

lings for pounds, *if* he has paid for them as originals."[36]

Boston froze, but Professor Norton's faith in Jarves and his collection remained unshaken. At this point he urged the acquisition of the pictures by Yale, where an art museum had been instituted in 1832. But the genuineness of the pictures was "questioned by critics who had never gone abroad to study such work"[37] and "so strong has been the current of popular indifference, misunderstanding, misliking, and even hostility, that there has never been a time when it was even likely that half the money asked for the pictures could be raised to buy them, either in New York or in Boston, by any appeal to the general public."[38]

In 1866, Jarves contemplated taking his pictures to England. He could not sell his collection, which he had

[36] The "E.M.P." letter cited. Jarves must have got wind of some of this. He was hurt and thoroughly provoked. He characterized his native city in his *Art-Idea* as follows: "Boston is a city of extremes. It grows the intensest snobs, the meanest cowardice, the thickest-skinned hypocrites, by the side of saintly virtues, intellectual vigor, general intelligence, and a devotion to the highest interests of humanity, unsurpassed by any city of the world. Its fashionable manners seem imported from Nova Zembla. Nowhere else does one friend give another only two fingers to shake without intending an insult. But the same man is prompt with his bank-check for the public welfare."

It is curious how the mistaken opinion held of Jarves has persisted. The author recently met an elderly lady, who knew Jarves sixty-odd years ago, and who referred to him as "an old scamp."

"As Mr. Jarves himself has very truthfully admitted in his first announcement to the American public, the original catalogue of 1860, this collection has no more right to unerring authenticity in every case than any other collection, as for example the galleries of northern Europe. He says: 'But comparatively few pictures have undoubted historical pedigrees. . . .' "— Will Hutchins in *Christian Art*, September, 1908, which is the other side of the question. Jarves was scrupulously honest in his dealings and understated rather than overstated his case.

[37] Undated clipping in the scrap-book of the Yale Gallery of Fine Arts.

[38] *New York Daily Tribune*, November 10, 1871, an interesting reflection on contemporary opinion of what is still one of the best teaching collections in the country.

hoped might form "the nucleus of a Free Gallery in one of our large cities," in spite of the fact that "the City of Boston voted him rooms in a fire proof building."[39] It so happened at this juncture (1868) that Yale had recently completed a new art school building through the generosity of Augustus Russell Street (1792-1866).[40] The exhibition galleries were large and empty.[41] Through the efforts of Professor John F. Weir, Dean of the Yale School of the Fine Arts from 1869 to 1913, the Reverend Noah Porter, who became president in 1871, and Professor Edward Elbridge Salisbury, an arrangement was made with Jarves whereby he agreed to deposit his collection, then consisting of 119 pictures, at Yale for a period of three years.[42] In

[39] From Jarves's *Descriptive Catalogue of "Old Masters,"* 1860, and a letter of Luther Maynard Jones to Professor E. E. Salisbury, July 26, 1867, in the Yale Gallery.

[40] The Yale School of the Fine Arts, the earliest art school connected with a university in the United States, was founded in 1864. Although "Street Hall" was begun during that year, its completion was delayed on account of the Civil War. It was ". . . the first serious recognition of the aesthetic element . . . at Yale": Chamberlain, *Yale University.*

[41] The first impetus given to art at Yale had been the Trumbull Gallery, founded in 1832. The second had been a rather elaborate "loan [exhibition] of meritorious works in any department of Fine Arts," which had been largely engineered in 1858 by the energetic Professor Daniel Coit Gilman, at that time Librarian. The arrangements of the "Exhibition of Works of Art . . . in the Alumni Building, Yale College, including a large number of oil paintings and water colors by American and European artists" (there were 249 paintings and 15 pieces of sculpture), were in the hands of a committee consisting of E. E. Salisbury, Professor Gilman, President Woolsey, Professor S. F. B. Morse, the painter-inventor, William L. Kingsley, and others.

[42] The statement "that the collection which had come to Yale unbidden" in Offner's *Italian Primitives at Yale University,* is incorrect. Luther Maynard Jones wrote to Professor Salisbury, June 26, 1867, that "Prof. Porter, President Woolsey, Mr. Kingsley and others became interested in it [the collection]" and that "Mr. Charles Eliot Norton in a recent letter expressed his regret at the chance of losing the collection from Harvard or Boston says, 'If Yale were to secure it, it would do

return, the Yale Corporation lent Jarves twenty thousand dollars,[43] the pictures being used as security, the

more to make it a true University and the leading University in America than could be done in any other way by an equal expenditure of money."' From the records of the Yale Gallery.

[43] Actual figures are given as there has been so much misunderstanding of the matter. The records of the treasurer's office show that Yale lent Jarves $20,000 on December 20, 1867, and that $22,000 (the amount of the loan plus interest) was credited to this account and the "college general fund" debited on December 5, 1871. It has been said that a contribution was made by a resident of New Haven, which is not the case. In the *New Englander* for January, 1868, it is stated that "the pecuniary value of these pictures is very great, estimated, by one competent judge, at one hundred thousand dollars." (In *Art Thoughts* this reference is incorrectly given as 1848). In the Norton-Jarves correspondence in the Boston Athenæum we find that Jarves valued the collection at $59,470 — "in round numbers I estimated the entire collection at $60,000" (August 26, 1859). On November 25, 1867, Joseph Leonard, "for many years the leading salesman in Boston of paintings at auction," wrote Jarves that he estimated the collection "would bring from $30,000 to $40,000, if properly placed before the public." Jarves, in a letter to the chairman of the New York Historical Society, April 11, 1863, stated that he was "unable longer to bear the expense of keeping my collection together aside from having no place to contain it. It has cost me in all rising of $50,000 in gold, and I apprehend that twice that sum would not replace it, even with my ten years experience and study added." Alexander J. Wall, the present librarian of the society writes: "Mr. Jarves was frequently asked to sell pictures individually but he declined to do so. He offered the entire collection, including the two paintings still in Italy, to the Society for $50,000 'provided the offer is accepted immediately and kept together.' . . . Under date of September 29, 1863, Mr. Jarves wrote from the Parker House, Boston, to Mr. George H. Moore, librarian of the New York Historical Society, asking what the prospects were of success in the plans for the society's creating a new museum in Central Park. The legislature of the state had granted the society the right to erect such a building, and it was Mr. Jarves's hope that his collection would eventually rest in it. He further stated that the mortgage on his pictures had been extended for six months, and he hoped that the society would buy the collection before he was compelled to raise the borrowed sum by a forced sale of the gallery. To this letter Mr. Moore replied on October 7, 1863, that he did not see the slightest prospect of being able to purchase the collection at present for the reason that the money for the remodelling of the arsenal building in Central Park, which was to be the new museum, had not been raised, and before they could purchase his collection, it was necessary to secure the place of deposit for it. (The Metropolitan Museum of Art was the result of this failure to secure funds for the building.)"

University reserving the privilege of buying the collection any time during the three-year interval for fifty thousand dollars. This unusual transaction has been aptly described as "one of the most irregular pieces of University finance on record and certainly one of the most brilliant."[44] The three-year period came to an end in December, 1871, and Jarves being unable to pay off his mortgage, a public auction sale was held at the Yale Art School. In spite of the presence of several well-known New York art-dealers, the entire collection was knocked down to the University, which made the one and only bid, for twenty-two thousand dollars—the amount of the loan with interest, the two thousand dollars being raised by Professor Weir. Shortly afterward, Jarves, still expecting to realize a large amount for his pictures, asked permission to redeem them. Yale granted this extraordinary request, for lack of public interest and appreciation had convinced the authorities that they had acted unwisely. It was voted that the collection "be disposed for sale during the year 1873, unless there be reasonable prospects that the Treasury will soon be reimbursed for the purchase of the collection." These facts have not been disclosed before. The financial panic of that year possibly saved the collection for Yale. Needless to say the purchase represents but a fraction of the present-day value of the Yale Collection, to which Jarves's name has ever been attached.[45]

[44] Professor Frank J. Mather, Jr., of Princeton, in the *Yale Alumni Weekly* (May, 1914).

[45] The bibliography of this collection is given in the *Dictionary of American Biography*, with the exception of the following: An article in the *Revista di Firenze* of August, 1859, a partial translation of which appears in his 1860 catalogue; and the three catalogues mentioned in note 30; *Atlantic Monthly*, XXII (July, 1868), 127, (review

With the money lent by Yale the unbusiness-like Jarves repeated his unfortunate experiment and purchased fifty-four more early Italian pictures, a miscellaneous assortment of Classical and Renaissance sculpture, tapestries — French, Italian and Portuguese, — cassoni, and what not, which were first shown in the Boston Foreign Art Exhibition in 1883-1884, Jarves being the Italian commissioner to the exhibition. As usual, he wrote a carefully-documented catalogue. Most of the pictures were sold in 1884 to his friend, Liberty E. Holden of Cleveland, and were subsequently given, by his widow, to The Cleveland Museum of Art, where they are known as the "Holden Collection."[46] Neither

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of the Russell Sturgis, Jr., Catalogue); Daniel Coit Gilman (then a professor at Yale, later president of Johns Hopkins University), the *New Englander*, XXVII (1868), "The Jarves Collection"; William Rankin, *American Journal of Archæology* (April-June, 1895), "Some Early Italian Pictures in the Jarves Collection of the Yale School of Fine Arts at New Haven," *Notes on Three Collections of Old Masters* (1905); Professor John F. Weir, *Yale Alumni Weekly* (May, 1907), "The Art School"; Will Hutchins, *Christian Art*, III, No. 6 (September, 1908), "The Jarves Collection at Yale University"; Anne C. Bunner, *Scribner's Magazine* (August, 1912); "The Jarves Collection of Italian Pictures in the Galleries of the Yale Art School"; Lorinda Munson Bryant, *What Pictures to See in America* (1915); besides articles in the *Rassegna d'Arte Senese*, the *Burlington Magazine*, *Art in America*, the *International Studio*, the *Bulletins of the Associates in Fine Arts at Yale University*, *etc.*

[46] "Holden Collection" references are to be found in the *Dictionary of American Biography* except: Bryson Burroughs, *Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum*, VII, No. 10 (October, 1912); Gertrude Underhill, the *Bulletin of The Cleveland Museum of Art*, IV, No. 2 (February, 1917), and William Mathewson Milliken, *ibid.*, XIX, No. 9 (November, 1932).

The "Holden" pictures were collected twenty years or more after the "Yale Primitives" and never formed a part of the Yale Collection, as is often stated, with the possible exception of three pictures, which were supposed to have been retained by Mr. Jarves. Only one of these can be identified with certainty, a "Madonna and Child," School of Leonardo da Vinci, No. 93, in Jarves's 1860 catalogue and No. 43 in the Holden catalogue. As so much confusion and misinformation likewise exist con-

collection was greatly esteemed by the public until fifty or sixty years after the impractical Jarves had assembled it—and had been dead fully thirty years.

In 1881, Jarves gave a valuable collection of Venetian glass[47] to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, thus,

cerning the Holden Collection, the following excerpts from a letter addressed to the writer by Mrs. Benjamin Patterson Bole, of Cleveland, Mr. Holden's daughter, are printed for the benefit of future art historians: ". . . there are particulars about which I have but a hazy recollection, such as the price that my father paid for our pictures. I know that part of the payment was in land and part in mining stock, and I know that one or the other turned out badly and Mr. Jarves was naturally, disappointed. My father, who was always very short of cash at that time, his main business being real estate, offered Mr. Jarves his choice of interest in two mines. He took the one that turned out badly. The one my father kept, although showing no particular promise at the time, happened to be the one which struck a rich bed of ore later on. This is as I recall the story. It may be entirely wrong. I seem to remember that my father paid five thousand dollars in cash and the rest in land and stock, and that poor Mr. Jarves never realized more than twenty-five thousand dollars for the whole collection. But, in justice to my father, let me say that he thought it was twenty-five thousand more than it was worth. . . . It was my mother who went again and again to see the pictures with Mr. Silsbee, the Art editor of the 'Transcript,' who first interested her in them. [Probably Edward Augustus Silsbee, a contributor to the *Transcript* but never an editor.] My father saw nothing in them, but my mother never relaxed her efforts to persuade him to buy them. The price that Mr. Jarves first put on them he would not consider. It was only when the latter found that my mother was one of the very few who took any interest in them that he lowered the price and made it possible for my father to buy them for her. . . . Of course she was handicapped by having them all named wrong, or most of them. It took her many years to discover that she did not have any Ghirlandajo, Piero di Cosimo, Giotto, and certainly any Leonardo. I once asked Mr. Berenson why a man with Mr. Jarves's opportunities should have put such big names on all the paintings, that I could not believe he did it merely to sell them. Mr. Berenson exclaimed that Mr. Jarves had one of the highest senses of art appreciation that anyone of this period in this country possessed, but that no one in his day knew the modern method of identifying the painters of pictures and in consequence it was natural that most things should be attributed to the heads of schools."

[47] *Bulletin of The Metropolitan Museum of Art*, VI, No. 1 (January, 1911). See especially Jarves's *Italian Rambles*, for an account of this gift, as well as for his ideas of the benefits of public museums.

at a considerable sacrifice to himself and his family, practising what he had so long preached. His "ambition [was] to be useful to art in America." "Today," he continued in another letter typical of the man, "I have mailed a long and urgent letter to the *Times* appealing to the rich men of New York to endow a museum."[48] His constant and active agitation was probably one of the forces which brought the museum into being.

His modest fortune exhausted, Jarves finally sold his collection of embroideries, laces, costumes, and Renaissance fabrics in New York in 1887. These are now to be found in the Farnsworth Museum at Wellesley College.[49] He also sold to the Boston Athenæum and the Museum of Fine Arts their two Etruscan sarcophagi and lent a dozen pictures to the latter institution.[50] In spite of his many disappointments and vicissitudes, his chief aim, "the diffusion of artistic knowledge and æsthetic taste in America" was finally attained, though not until a generation had passed away.

* * *

Jarves was married a second time in Boston to Isabel Kast Hayden in 1862. He survived both his wives and three of his children.[51] The death of his little son,

[48] Records of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

[49] *List of the Jarves Collection of Laces, Stuffs, Embroideries, Costumes, Church Vestments, etc., formed in Italy . . . dating from the 12th - 18th Century . . . sold by auction March 16 and 17* (New York, 1887). *Wellesley College Bulletin: The Art Museum*, I, No. 1 (June, 1923).

[50] Both sarcophagi, which had been discovered during excavations at Vulci, in central Italy, during the winter of 1845-1846, are now at the museum. The pictures were returned to Jarves's estate in 1924 and 1925.

[51] Jarves's children by his first wife were: Colonel Horatio Deming Jarves, who fought in the Civil War against his father's wishes; Cevelita, later Mrs. Edward Lorny of Boston; and Flora Avery, now living in Kingston, Rhode Island. By his second wife Jarves had three children:

James Jackson, junior, who gave promise of artistic genius, was his crowning sorrow — a blow far more serious than the difficulties and disappointments encountered in his struggles for the cultural advancement in art of his fellow-countrymen. He died in Switzerland, at Tarasp in the Engadine, on June 28, 1888,[52] and was buried in the English cemetery at Rome. "He is a man equally remarkable for great gifts, for a simple unobtrusive, but always impressive personality, for an utter lack of any self-assertion, and for culture as exquisitely refined as it is deep and extensive," is the description of him in an unidentified clipping in the Yale Gallery. Although a modest, retiring, unworldly man, "J. J. J.," as he was called by his family and friends, received his share of official honor, being decorated with the Order of Kamehameha I by the King of Hawaii, for his success at journalism and diplomacy, and created a chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy by King Humbert I (in 1866), inasmuch as he "had contributed so greatly to the artistic renown of Italy."[53] He was also an honorary member of the Academia delle Belle Arti of Florence, a corresponding member of the American Oriental Society, and a patron of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A year and six days after Jarves, there was born at Rosenau, in Germany, a man who closely resembled the Bostonian in his conscientious and self-sacrificing service and his failure to be understood and appreciated.

Annabel, later Mrs. Walter Raleigh Kerr, now living in London; Hortense, later the Duchess Del Monte of Naples; and James Jackson Jarves, Jr., who died in his youth.

[52] See note 8.

[53] See note 14.

Albert, the Prince Consort, also purchased Italian Primitives, which now hang in Buckingham Palace.[54] The cases are strangely similar. Both men collected art far in advance of their time and strove, not too successfully, to improve taste in the difficult days following the industrial revolution. Only now have we begun to perceive the full stature of each.

The arms of the Jarves family[55] have been recently carved on a shield in the Yale Gallery which houses his great collection, and near the pictures, which he selected with such knowledge, care and discrimination, there has been affixed a bronze relief[56] of "perhaps the best American art connoisseur of his day"[57]—an unappreciated and undeservedly forgotten New Englander.

[54] See H. Clifford, *Buckingham Palace* (1931) . . . and Lionel Henry Cust, *Royal Collection of Paintings at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle* (London, 1905), and *Notes on Pictures in the Royal Collection* (London, 1911).

For contemporary references, see such pamphlets as *A Handbook to the Paintings by Ancient Masters in the Art Treasures Exhibition* (London, 1857), "the picture by Duccio of Siena belonging to the Prince Consort . . . a curious triptych of the early Florentine school contributed by the Prince Consort, merits attention. . . ."

[55] Sable a chevron between three eaglets close argent.

[56] Done in Florence in 1883 by the American sculptor, Larkin Goldsmith Mead (1835-1910), and recently presented to Yale by Mrs. Walter Raleigh Kerr, Jarves's daughter. Presumably this was the piece exhibited in the Foreign Exhibition in Boston in 1883. It is item 418 in the illustrated catalogue.

[57] Winifred E. Howe, *A History of The Metropolitan Museum of Art* (New York, 1913).

MEMORANDA AND DOCUMENTS

THE MYSTERIOUS CASE OF THE LONG, LOW, BLACK SCHOONER

PERRY WALTON

THE whole Atlantic seaboard in the year 1839 was much excited, and not a little alarmed, by the erratic course of a mysterious low, black schooner which was seen at intervals hovering off the coast of New Jersey and Long Island. Before the case was cleared up it reached the importance of a Supreme Court decision, in the arguing of which, John Quincy Adams, who had before been President of the United States, appeared as counsel for those interested in the cargo of the schooner. So important was the case that the United States and Spain were involved in a bitter antagonism as to what disposal should be made of the schooner and its cargo.

Interest in the case was first kindled on Thursday, August 29, 1839, when there appeared in the Boston *Atlas*, then one of the city's leading newspapers, the following bold paragraph, which set all of its readers to wondering and talking:

> Capture of the supposed pirate. A gentleman who arrived here yesterday from Stonington informs us that the long, low, black schooner, which occasioned so much alarm along the Coast, was captured Tuesday evening off Watch Hill light house and carried into New London. The schooner made her appearance off the light house on Tuesday morning and sent her boat ashore for provisions and water. Information of the fact being conveyed to the U. S. Revenue Cutter, she started in pursuit, came up with her and by showing her teeth succeeded in compelling her to surrender without resistance.

Such was the brief announcement of a case which for weeks was the sensation of the New England coast. The mysterious black schooner, which, for several months, had been seen acting strangely off the coast, had started all kinds of rumors which

spread terrorism in the seaport towns. One had it that she was a pirate, another that she was a slaver; while others declared her to be a pest ship from the slave-trade of Africa.

All the leading papers such as the Boston *Atlas*, *Daily Advertiser*, *Columbian Centinel*, New London *Gazette* and the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, printed news of her various appearances and disappearances at different points. Her mysterious actions off the eastern coast of Long Island caused extreme suspicion and alarm. The inhabitants of Sag Harbor, Greenport, and New London were especially anxious, and orders were sent out to such naval commanders as were on the North Atlantic coast to seize her and demand an explanation. This proved no easy task, for the ship did not stay long in one place. One day she would be sighted off Sag Harbor, pursuing an erratic course; and the next day she would be hailed out at sea—apparently headed for the Azores. Seafaring men on Long Island could not agree on an explanation. Some were sure she was a pirate waiting to swoop down upon an unprotected town and to seize some richly-laden coastwise vessel and strip her of her cargo. Others thought she might be a slaver which had lost her navigator and did not know how to lay her course. But all were afraid of her and hoped that some naval vessel would soon capture her.

The first real information about her appeared in the *Columbian Centinel* in the form of a letter written by a gentleman in Wilmington, Delaware, to a friend in Boston. It read:

> The Schooner *Eveline*, Captain Sears, arrived last evening (August 23, 1839) from New Bedford. Captain Sears reports that on Monday last, about seventy miles from Egg Harbor, he fell in with a sharp coppered, topsail schooner, of about eighty tons, with a crew of blacks, about thirty in number, and from their signs understood they wanted water. Upon boarding her, he found the sails in bad order, umbrellas, looking-glasses, crockery, etc., strewn about the decks, and understood they had been out about three months, that the captain was sick and all the white people had been washed overboard. Her name was *Amistad*, with a large eagle on the bow, topsail yard gone and bottom very foul. He took her in tow and towed her until dark, about thirty miles, when hearing a voice in English ordering sail to be made, so as to get alongside and take sails and water, he cut from her and hove to, in a thick fog until

morning. The crew were armed with knives and doubloons were plenty among them, one of which Captain Sears received for some provisions, with some silver coin. No doubt but this is the same vessel that on her passage from Havana to Neurritas, in July, with slaves, who rose and murdered all the whites except two that swam ashore. Captain Sears having given information to the officer of the cutter *Gallatin*, at Bombay Hook, on Thursday, we no doubt will have a good account of this long, low, black schooner. Please to make use of this information as coming from Captain Sears, who will be up with his schooner on Monday. He lost part of his cable and left a water cask on her.

Again in the columns of the *Columbian Centinel* there appeared on August 31, 1839:

We learn from Mr. Seaman, boat keeper of the Pilot Boat *Gratitude*, that on Friday last at 4 P.M. she spoke the long, low, black schooner twenty-five miles east of Fire Island and about eighteen miles from the land, standing E.N.E. The *Gratitude* ran within a few yards of her with the intention of putting a pilot aboard. Two or three of the blacks, who appeared to be the ringleaders and who kept the others in awe, made signs to the pilot not to come. One had a pistol in one hand and a cutlass in the other, which he flourished over his head to keep the others down. These appeared to be very anxious to receive a pilot and when the eye of the fellow who had the pistol was aft them, they would beckon the pilot to come aboard. The schooner had a name on her stern which they took to be the *Almeda*. She had a small gilt eaglehead. The latest news from the suspicious vessel is that on Saturday at sunset she was off the end of Long Island, Montauk Point, N. by E. twenty miles distant. She was standing east with what sail she was able to make.

Several days later the strange vessel came to anchor off Culloden Point, at the entrance to Long Island Sound, and not far from Montauk Point. As soon as the schooner came to, a boat manned by Negroes came ashore, and one who seemed to be the leader asked in broken English of Captain Henry Green, who, with Captain Pelatiah Fordham and others, had driven from Sag Harbor to see the strange craft and were watching her from the beach.

"What country is this?"
"This is America," answered Green.
"Is it a slave country?"
"No, it is a free country."

At this the questioner, a sturdy young Negro, gave a shrill whistle and his whole boat's crew sprang to their feet, yelling with delight. Thinking that the Negroes were about to attack them, Green and his two companions ran to their wagon and grabbed guns which they had brought. Thereupon the Negro leader went up to Captain Green and gave up his gun and his cutlass and the rest of the Negroes did the same.

While this was occurring on land, the schooner, which lay at anchor just off Culloden Point, had attracted the suspicions of the United States surveying brig *Washington*, Lieutenant-Commander Thomas R. Gedney, which had been sounding between Gardner's Island and Montauk Point. Gedney ordered the brig to stand in and hail the schooner.

Seeing a number of people on the beach, a cart and horse and a boat passing between the shore and the strange craft, Commander Gedney ordered Lieutenant Richard W. Meade to board her. Upon rowing alongside, the man-of-war's men might have thought they had overhauled some such craft as the *Flying Dutchman* after her fabled cruise, so tattered and battered appeared the strange schooner.

Her sides were covered with barnacles and long tentacles of seaweed streamed from her cable and her sides at the water line. Her jibs were torn and big rents and holes appeared in both foresail and mainsail as they flapped in the gentle breeze. Most of the paint was gone from her gunwales and rail — over which coal-black African faces, fixed with mingled curiosity and fear, peered above forms clad in the most fantastic garb. All about the deck were scattered in the most wanton and disorderly confusion parts of what evidently had been her cargo. There were rent bags of raisins, here and there half-eaten loaves of bread and various piles of silk and cotton goods. In the cabin and hold were evidences of the same wasteful destruction. In even greater confusion, as if it had been broken into at will by a number of people, were such portions of the cargo as silks, crepes, gaudy calicoes, which had been wantonly cut and torn, many varieties of cotton and fancy fabrics, glass, hardware, books, fruits, olives, olive oil, and the heter-

ogeneous things which a trading schooner would be likely to carry.

The moment the government boat made fast, two white men rushed from the group of Negroes and asked the protection of the officer. They told him that the schooner was the *Amistad*, commanded by Captain Ramonflues, bound from Havana to Guanaja, Port Principe, with fifty-four slaves, two passengers, and a general cargo. Four nights out the slaves rose up, murdered the captain and three of the crew and then took possession of the vessel with the intention of returning to the coast of Africa. Pedro Montez, passenger, and Jose Ruiz, owner of the slaves and a part of the cargo, were spared to navigate the vessel to the coast of Africa.

Lieutenants Porter and Meade, the officers in charge of the boats of the cutter, immediately took possession of the vessel, disarmed all the Negroes and took the schooner in tow. Joseph Cinquez, who seemed to be the leader of the slaves, went below, and tying some gold about his person, leaped out of the main hatch and went overboard. A boat was instantly manned and sent in chase of him. He dove under water and was invisible for about five minutes when he came up at least one hundred yards from the vessel. When the boat neared him he would tread water until it came close, and then dive again and come up some yards behind its stern. He kept this up for about forty minutes, then when he saw it was useless, he gave up and was brought back captive to the schooner.

Jose Ruiz, a gentlemanly and intelligent young man who spoke English fluently, said he was the owner of most of the cargo and the slaves, and that when they rose up, they were being carried to his estate on the island of Cuba. Pedro Montez, a man about fifty years old, owned three of the slaves, and having been a ship-master, was compelled to navigate the schooner after her seizure.

As the story was later graphically told by Ruiz in court, where the Negroes were arraigned for piracy and murder, he had bought forty-nine slaves in Havana and shipped them, for his estate, on the schooner *Amistad*.

We sailed for Guanaja, the intermediate port for Principe [said he], and everything went well for the first four days. In the night I heard a noise in the forecastle. All of us were asleep except the man at the wheel. I don't know how the trouble began. I was awakened by the noise. I saw Joseph Cinquez, who was the leader of the slaves. But there was no moon and it was so dark I could not tell how many were engaged. I took up an oar and tried to quell the mutiny. I cried "No! No!" I then heard one of the crew cry "Murder." Then I heard the captain try to pacify the Negroes by ordering the cabin boy to go below and get some bread to throw to the slaves. I went below and called to Montez to follow me. When I begged them not to kill me, they called me on deck and told me I would not be hurt. I begged them to spare the old man, Montez, and they did. Then they tied our hands and went below and ransacked the trunks of the passengers. The slaves told us the next day they had killed the captain and all of the crew but the cabin-boy and two men, who escaped in a small boat.

Pedro Montez, whom the slaves made navigator of the schooner, said he was awakened between three and four in the morning by blows given the mulatto cook.

I went on deck and grabbed a stick and a knife to defend myself [said Montez]; I did not wish to kill them.

But when the leader of the slaves cut his head and arm severely with the sugar knives, Montez ran below and stowed himself between two sugar barrels and wrapped himself in a sail. He was again attacked and finally hauled out on deck and commanded to steer for Africa, he having once been master of a vessel. Instead of steering for Africa, Montez commenced a course of strategy which betrayed his captors. Instead of sailing for Africa, he tricked the Negroes by sailing each night almost as far back toward Havana as he had gone toward Africa in the day time, setting his course by the sun in the day time and reversing his course by the stars to sail back to Havana at night. In this way, by sailing to and fro in the track of vessels, he hoped the *Amistad* would be overhauled and boarded by some naval vessel, whose suspicions would be aroused by the schooner's erratic course. Every moment his life was threatened by the Negroes, who could not understand why they did not reach Africa; and but for the

interference of others he would have been killed on one of many occasions.

> We kept no reckoning [said he], nor did I know how many days we had been out or what day of the week the officers came on board. We anchored at least thirty times and lost an anchor at New Providence. Once they wanted me to drop anchor on the high seas.

Antonio, the slave of the murdered captain, described later in court how four of the slaves came aft and killed the captain and a companion with sugar knives while the two were asleep on deck on a hammock they had brought up from below. The man who saw the murder lowered the small boat and, assisted by a companion, escaped. His evidence corroborated that of Montez.

After murdering the captain and three of the crew, the slaves took possession of the vessel with the intention of returning to the coast of Africa, from which they had originally come in a slaver. Montez, the passenger, and Ruiz, the owner of the cargo and most of the slaves, were spared to navigate the vessel. After tossing about several days in the Bahama Channel, the ship was supposedly headed for Africa. Actually, Montez steered for the Island of St. Andrews, near New Providence, and thence to Green Key. Here a supply of water was laid in. The Negroes, who thought they were heading for Africa, next arrived off New Providence, but the slaves would not allow the schooner to enter, but anchored each night off the coast.

By this time the condition of the two white men, who were treated with the greatest severity, became pitiable. Montez, who was acting as navigator, was suffering from two severe wounds received when the slaves broke loose, and the white men were threatened constantly. Each night, and whenever an occasion presented, they would turn the course of the vessel back to the point from which they had sailed. On the one occasion when they were boarded by the merchantmen, the two white men were ordered below. Twenty-five miles off New York, pilot boat No. 3 came alongside and gave the Negroes some apples, but when pilot boat No. 4 later hailed them, the Negroes armed themselves and refused to allow the pilot to board.

So, for almost two months, the strange schooner cruised about the Atlantic, the Negroes steering by the sun for Africa in the day time and the Whites altering the course to the northwestward at night. None of those who hailed the schooner suspected the truth. Finally the ship made Montauk Point, and drifting up the sound with the tide, anchored off Culloden Point, where it was captured.

Commander Gedney arrested the Negroes on a charge of murder and piracy and took them to New London, where they were locked up for examination. Hardly had they been placed in custody when a bitter legal battle commenced to determine the rights of all concerned. As before stated, the case was to reach the Supreme Court of the United States. The story of the strange case was dramatized at the Bowery Theatre, New York, where, for a number of nights, the play entitled "The Black Schooner or the Pirate Slaver 'Amistad,'" with a full cast representing the captain, mate, two passengers, with all the slaves and the officers and crew of the coast guard brig *Washington* played to crowded houses. It was played also at the Park, the National, and Niblo Garden. The Park took in $1300; the Bowery, $1650; the National, $1300 and Niblo's, $1000.

The *Amistad* was towed to New London. Out of the case sprang a number of issues which the court was called upon to settle. Spain claimed both the schooner and the provisions, on the ground that they were originally Spanish property. The Sag Harbor men claimed salvage because it was their intention to seize the schooner before Gedney took possession. But Commander Gedney and his crew seemed entitled to prize money.

The best legal advice appeared on both sides. Rufus Choate, with other counsel, represented the Negroes, whose cause had been taken up by the abolitionists. It was shown that the blacks had been kidnapped in Africa and conveyed to Cuba by a slaver in violation of the agreement which Spain had made not to engage in slave-running. The court held that they had been illegally captured and illegally held and had a

right to their freedom and were justified in seizing the *Amistad* to obtain it. They were therefore freed of the charge of murder and piracy and given their liberty. It was also held that Commander Gedney had a right to prize money, but that Green, Fordham, and Conkling, the Sag Harbor men, had proved no valid claim. Such was the decision of the United States circuit court, which the Supreme Court affirmed on appeal. And then the case passed out of public memory and has long been forgotten — even in the musty records at Washington.

A VERSE TRANSLATION BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

LEICESTER BRADNER

IN a copy of Lord Wellesley's[1] *Primitiæ et Reliquiæ* (London, 1841), now in the possession of the author of this note, are some extra printed pages added to the book after the original printing. Because the volume was privately issued, it was possible for the author to make such additions whenever it pleased him, and the pages about to be described, form only one of several increments to the copy in question. An inscription, apparently in Wellesley's own hand, to his sister Anne, with the date "23d March 1842" sets a forward limit to the time at which these particular additions were inserted. For the rest, the excerpts which follow are self-explanatory:

John Mactavish, Esq., her Majesty's Consul at Baltimore transmitted the following beautiful, spirited and dignified verses from the Honorable John Quincy Adams, Senator and Ex-President of the United States of America, to Lord Wellesley, with the admirable letter which accompanies them. The lines are a free version of the verses on Milton in page 48 of the Primitiæ, Oxoniæ, 1779.

[1] Richard Colley Wellesley, brother of the Duke of Wellington and a distinguished Indian administrator.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE MARQUESS OF WELLESLEY,
KINGSTON HOUSE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
ENGLAND.

WASHINGTON, U. S. A. 16TH DECEMBER, 1841.

MY LORD,

Mr. Mactavish has had the goodness to transmit to me your Lordship's very flattering letter of the 21st of October last. I had already been indebted to his kindness for a copy of the volume of the classical pastimes of your early youth, the elegant effusions of your mature age, and the precious reliques of your later days. Imperfectly versed as I am in the learned languages, obviously so familiar to you, and in which a large portion of the volume was composed, it was impossible for me to peruse them without discerning in them the evidences of a spirit elevated in my estimation far above all the dignities of human institution. I looked into every gem of the casket for the richness of the mine whence it had been drawn, and I could not withhold my tribute of admiration at the lustre which it opened to my view. The lines upon Milton, perhaps from deep-rooted sympathies which your lordship will easily appreciate, struck me with such forcible impression, that I could not resist the temptation of attempting to render them in the language of Milton himself. The vindication of the great poet's moral fame, from the prejudices of his most eminent biographer had to me a charm of more than poetical justice. Mr. Mactavish has conferred upon me an additional obligation by communicating my lines to your lordship, and it is very gratifying to me that they were acceptable to you. I cheerfully comply with the request for a copy of them in my own hand-writing, and under my own signature; and esteem it a valuable privilege to authorize the printing of them with your lordship's consent associated in the same volume with the original.

I have the honor to be,
with perfect respect,
My Lord,
Your lordship's very humble
and obedient servant
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A free English version of the Latin lines upon Milton, in the Primitiæ et Reliquiæ of the Marquess of Wellesley, by John Quincy Adams.

MILTON

Poor—blind—survivor of his country's shame;
Still, Milton holds his fearless flight to fame.
His mental eye, corruption, calm, surveys
And smiles contempt upon degenerate days.
With him, Urania, still, her vigil keeps;
Inspiring strains of rapture as he sleeps;
From Siloa's brook, the living stream supplies;
And pours celestial light on sightless eyes.
His spirit, soaring, in ascent sublime,
"Beyond the flaming bounds of space and time."
Earth's transient ills o'er him have lost their power,
Whose soul to God's eternal throne shall tower.
Nor *want* nor *woe*, that spirit shall subdue,
Which ranges, radiant, all creation through.

WASHINGTON CITY, U. S. A. 19TH APRIL, 1841.
Copied for the Right Honourable the Marquess of Wellesley, by
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.
WASHINGTON, 16TH DECEMBER, 1841.

That the reader may make his own comparison I give here Wellesley's Latin verses:

Cæcus, inops, patriæque superstes tempore iniquo,
Miltonus, magnum sedulus urget opus.
Degenerem ætatem placide contemnit, et altum
Supra fortunæ munera radit iter.
Nox oculos licet æterna caligine obumbret,
Paupertasque gravi vexet acerba manu,
Non minus arrectum studio, ardentemque furore
Per sacra Musarum devia raptat amor.—
Mens ea, quae Mundi fines processerat extra,
Non erat humanis debilitanda malis.

The picture of the two elderly statesmen exchanging verses and courtly compliments in their declining years, is very pleasant to contemplate and adds a touch to the lives of both men that one is glad not to have missed.

TWO UNCOLLECTED PROSE SKETCHES OF WHITTIER

NELSON F. ADKINS

IT is perhaps fortunate for the average reader that few of Whittier's early prose sketches have survived. Whittier himself was largely responsible for the disappearance of much of his early work, finding in the immaturity of most of it, as his official biographer has intimated,[1] just cause for shame.[2] Yet to the literary historian and biographer the early writings of an author always possess a special interest as illustrating both the sources of his youthful inspiration, and the way these sources found expression. For this reason two tales, alien in thought and style from the Whittier of tradition, may be thought worthy of preservation.

These prose pieces were published, and probably written, during the most active period of Whittier's life. The busy years from 1833, when he consecrated himself to the cause of abolition, to 1840, when he resigned the editorship of the *Freeman*, were fraught with excitement and hardship for this frail young man. Up to 1836 he retained the ancestral home at Haverhill, and seems to have considered himself primarily a farmer. Yet he had already signed the anti-slavery declaration of 1833, and in 1835 had been an active member of the Massachusetts legislature. Nor did his narrow escape from at least two infuriated mobs quench his active spirit. During the next few years he continued to fight for the good cause. Letters to prominent politicians, petitions to the Congress, frequent lobbying in the state legislature formed a significant part of

[1] S. T. Pickard, *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier* (Boston, 1894), I, 131-132.

[2] It is undoubtedly true that Whittier's critical powers have been much under-estimated. Not always able to sustain in practice his critical vision, he was, nevertheless, in later life, quick to see his limitations as an artist. As Ludwig Lewisohn hints in that critically uneven work *Expression in America* (New York, 1932), 67, the "Proem" prefixed to the collected editions of Whittier's poems contains a curiously accurate critical judgment of his own work.

his work of these years. Finally, his editorial duties in Philadelphia from 1837 to 1840 left him so enfeebled in health that his physician ordered a long rest.

Naturally, most of Whittier's prose at this time was written in behalf of abolition. Yet we know he produced some prose tales, probably as a means of eking out his very slender income. Of Whittier's biographers and critics, George Rice Carpenter has commented most fully on the early prose sketches,[3] although unfortunately he does not always indicate where this material is to be found. Of the literary masters to influence his early prose, Addison, Byron, and Irving seem to have been most significant; in the two sketches below it is the last two of these authors who are most clearly in evidence. As for his feeling toward Byron, Whittier seems to have shared the general attitude of America at this time toward the author of *Childe Harold*. Although disliked for the moral vagaries of his personal life, Byron appealed strongly to America in the romantic rôle of a thwarted, disillusioned, world-weary hero. From 1829 to 1832 Mr. Carpenter finds Byron's influence on Whittier's poetry most striking; and in his biography of the Quaker poet he quotes a curious passage in which Whittier suggests some analogies between his own life and that of Byron.[4] In "The Deformed Girl," the first of these reprinted sketches, Byron's influence is obvious. The florid, rhetorical invocation to "Memory" at the beginning has about it something of the strained, melodramatic tone that not infrequently marred even the best of Byron's longer poems. And the hero of the little tale (certainly not Whittier himself) confesses to having once been bound by chains of ambition, avarice, and pride; after being rejected by the maiden, he fled "from her presence," and mingled "once more in the busy tide of being, and ambition entered into [his] soul."[5] But side by side with

[3] *John Greenleaf Whittier* (Boston, 1903), 78-88.

[4] *Ibid.*, 96-97.

[5] A similar melodramatic quality is to be found in parts of "The Opium Eater," a sketch which appeared originally in the *New England Magazine* for March, 1833. I also find in the nervous, autobiographic style of some parts of this piece the possible influence of Charles B.

this curiously world-weary, melodramatic strain are evidences of a weaker sentimentalism, characteristic of New England at this period. Death, which found its most eloquent New England poet in Bryant, its weakest in Mrs. Sigourney, did not escape the youthful Whittier as material for literary treatment. "Hamlet Among the Graves," appearing as late as 1845 in *The Stranger in Lowell*, reflects strongly this morbid interest of New England in "the pleasures of the tombs."[6] The beautiful, but deformed girl of our sketch, as her lover returns after his long absence, is dying. "Consumption; pale, ghastly consumption had been taking away her hold on existence." "I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over her features, and fixed there, like an omen of the spirit's happiness. She was dead! And they buried her on the spot which she had herself selected—a delightful place of slumber, curtained by green young willows." One would scarcely believe that the author of such delicate lyrics as "Memories" and "The Henchman" had once been so fascinated by the affectations of Byron and the vapid sentimentalism of writers like Mrs. Sigourney.

"The Wife," although somewhat more restrained, is no less sentimental. There is perhaps here something of Byron, but it is undoubtedly the sentimentalism of Irving's *Sketch Book* which Whittier has tried especially to imitate; and Irving's own sketch of the same name may have been in Whittier's mind. At least, Whittier's sketch develops a text similar to that of Irving's tale: "There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity."[7]

Brown. Other prose sketches contributed about this time to the *New England Magazine* have been conveniently listed by F. H. Underwood in *John Greenleaf Whittier* (Boston, 1884), 163.

[6] This essay Whittier collected in his *Literary Recreations and Miscellanies* (Boston, 1854), and in the Riverside Edition of his works.

[7] *The Works of Washington Irving. New Edition, Revised.* II. *The Sketch Book* (New York, 1849), 35-36.

THE DEFORMED GIRL[8]

BY J. G. WHITTIER

Memory—mysterious memory!—holy and blessed as a dream of Heaven to the pure in spirit!—Unescapable presence! Lingering through every vicissitude, and calling us back to the dim and sepulchred images of departed time—opening anew the deep fountains of early passion—the love and sympathies of boyhood—the thrilling aspirations of after years!—While the present is dark with anguish, and the future gladdened by no sunbeam of anticipation, I invoke thy spell of power.—Unroll before me the chart of vanished hours, let me gaze once more on their sun-light and shadow.

I am an old man. The friends of my youth are gone from me. Some have perished on the great deep, others on the battle-field, afar off in a land of strangers; and many—very many, have been gathered quietly to the church-yard of our native village. They have left me alone—even as the last survivor of a fallen forest—the hoary representative of departed generations. The chains, which once bound me to existence, have been broken—Ambition, Avarice, Pride; even all that wakes into power the intolerable thirst of mind. But there are some milder thoughts—some brighter passages in the dream of my being, yet living at the fountain of memory—thoughts, pure as an angelic communion; and linked by a thousand tender associations to the paradise of Love.

There was one—a creature of exalted intellect—a being, whose thoughts went upward like the incense of flowers upon God's natural altars—they were so high and so unlike to earth. Yet was she not proud of her high gift. With the bright capacities of an unbodied spirit, there was something more than woman's meekness in her demeanor. It was the condescension of seraph intellect—the forgiveness and the tears of conscious purity extended to the erring and passionate of earth.

She was not a being to love with an earthly affection. Her person had no resemblance to those beautiful forms which glide before the eye of romance in the shadowy world of dreams. It was deformity—strange, peculiar Deformity, relieved only by the intellectual glory of a dark and soul-like eye.

Yet, strange as it may seem, I loved her, deeply, passionately as the young heart can love when it pours itself out like an oblation to

[8] Reprinted from the *Herald of Truth* for April 7, 1834, 1, 5. This periodical, issued by the Universalist denomination first at Geneva, New York, and later at Rochester, was published in four volumes from April 27, 1834, to December 29, 1837, when it was merged with the *Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate*.

its idol. There were gentle and lovely ones around me—creatures of smiles and blushes; soft tones and melting glances.—But their beauty made no lasting impression on my heart. Mine was an intellectual love; a yearning aftor [*sic*] something invisible and holy —something above the ordinary standard of human desire, set apart and sanctified, as it were, by the mysteries of mind.

Mine was not a love to be revealed in the thronged circle of gaity [*sic*] and fashion—it was avowed underneath the bending heavens; when the perfect stars were alone gazing upon us. It was rejected; but not in scorn, in pride, nor in anger, by that high-thoughted girl. She would ask my friendship—my sympathy; but she besought me —nay, with tears she besought me, to speak no more of Love. I obeyed her. I fled from her presence. I mingled once more in the busy tide of being, and ambition entered into my soul.—Wealth came upon me unexpectedly; and the voice of praise became a familiar sound. I returned, at last, with the impress of manhood on my brow, and sought again the being of my dreams.

She was dying. Consumption; pale, ghastly consumption had been taking away her hold on existence. The deformed and unfitting tenement was yielding to the impulses of the soul. Clasping her wasted hand, I bent over her in speechless agony. She raised her eyes to mine, and in those beautiful emblems of her soul, I read the hoarded affection of years—the long smothered emotion of a suffering heart. "Henry," she said, and I bent low to catch her sweet voice—"I have loved you long and fervently, I feel that I am dying. I rejoice at it. Earth will cover this wasted and unseemingly [*sic*] form, but the soul will return to that promised and better land, where no change of circumstances can mar the communion of spirit. Oh, Henry, had it been permitted—but I will not murmur.—You were created in more than manhood's beauty; and I—deformed—wretched as I am, have dared to love you!"

I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over her features, and fixed there, like an omen of the spirit's happiness. She was dead! And they buried her on the spot which she had herself selected—a delightful place of slumber, curtained by green young willows.

I have stood there a thousand times in the quiet moonlight, and I fancied that I heard in every breeze that whispered among the branches, the voice of the beloved slumberer.

Devoted girl! thy beautiful spirit hath never abandoned me in my weary pilgrimage.—Gently and soothingly thou comest to watch over my sleeping pillow—to cheer me amidst the thriais [*trials*(?)] of humanity, to mingle thy heavenly sympathies with my joys and sorrows, and to make thy mild reprovings known and felt in the darker moments of existence; in the tempest of passion, and the bit-

terness of crime. Even now, in the awful calm which precedes the last change in my being; in the cold shadow which now stretches from the grave to the presence of the living, I feel that thou art to me—

"Thyself a pure and sainted one,
Watching the loved and frail of Earth."

THE WIFE

BY J. G. WHITTIER[9]

She was a beautiful girl. When I first saw her she was standing up by the side of her lover, at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever and anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflections of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a lake. Her lover, as he clasped her hand within his own, gazed on her a moment with unmingled admiration, and the warm eloquent blood shadowed at intervals his manly forehead and "melted into beauty on his lips."

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of heaven, and every heart blessed them as they went their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on and I again saw these lovers. They were seated together where the light of summer's sunset stole through the half closed and crimson curtain, lending a richer tint to the carpeting, and the exquisite embellishments of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the one had indeed given, [*sic*] place to the grace of perfect womanhood and her lip was somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was perceptible on her brow. Her husband's brow too was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant; anxiety, ambition and pride had grown over, and left their traces upon it; a silver hue was mingled with the dark of his hair, which had become thin around his temples almost to baldness. He was reclining on a splendid ottoman, with his face half hidden by his

[9] Reprinted from the *New York Visitor and Lady's Parlor Magazine* for October, 1840, N.S. 1, 115-116. This somewhat rare magazine, which is mentioned neither in the *Union List of Serials* nor in F. L. Mott, *History of American Magazines*, began in July, 1838, with the title *The New York Visitor and Parlour Companion* and continued until August, 1843. During this period the sub-title of the magazine underwent several changes, and the numbering of the volumes and separate issues was inconsistent. Partial files of the periodical are to be found in the Library of Congress, the American Antiquarian Society, in the New York Public Library, and in the library of the present writer.

hand, as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

"Edward, you are ill to-night," said his wife in a low, sweet, half-inquiring voice, as she laid her hands upon his own.

Indifference from those we love, is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim and forbidding glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over the feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal—dreadful to watch the convulsive features and gloomy brow—the indefinable shadows of hidden emotions—the involuntary sigh of sorrows in which we are forbidden to participate, whose character we cannot know.

The wife essayed once more. "Edward," she said, slowly, mildly, and affectionately, "the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one, who has never, I trust, betrayed your confidence. Why, then my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled and refuse to tell me the cause."

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twain were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed, he had sought the fierce and wronged spirits of his land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country; he had fanned rebellion to a flame, and it had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen and was doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened, and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softened light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

"Edward—my dear Edward," said she, "I have come to save you: I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God, my purpose is nearly executed."

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eyelash. "I have not deserved this kindness," he murmured in the choked tones of agony.

"Edward," said his wife, in an earnest, but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, "we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be enabled to pass out unnoticed. Haste, or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me. I am a woman, and they will not injure me for any efforts in behalf of a husband dearer than life itself."

"But Margaret," said the husband, "you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell."

"Oh, speak not of me, my dearest Edward," said the devoted woman. "I can endure anything for your sake. Haste, Edward, haste, and all will be well," and she aided with trembling hand, to disguise the proud form of her husband in the female garb.

"Farewell, my love, my preserver," whispered the husband in the ear of the disguised wife, as the officer sternly reminded the supposed lady the time allotted to her visit had expired. "Farewell! we shall meet again," responded his wife—and the husband passed out unsuspected and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again—the wife and husband; but only as the dead may meet, in the awful communion of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit until the last great purpose of her exertions was accomplished in the safety of her husband; and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guards found wrapped in the habiliments of their destined victim, the pale but beautiful corpse of the DEVOTED WIFE.

THE AGENTS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES IN THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

MARGUERITE APPLETON

THE major events of the Revolutionary era in New England, from the spirited opposition to the stamp act to the final outbreak of armed rebellion, are familiar to every student of American history. The leaders and their policies are equally familiar. The front of the picture is therefore clear as the scenes follow one another in swift succession, but the other side is often left in deep shadow. How did the colonists express their opposition in England; through what channels did their numerous pleas and petitions reach the home government; and by what methods was colonial sentiment made known? As in former years in times of stress, the colonists turned to their representatives in the mother country.

The small group of men on whose shoulders rested the overwhelming responsibility of serving the New England colonies in these troubled times, forms an interesting study. It

was a constantly changing group. Some men served only a short time; others appointed for special purposes left England on finishing their missions; while four were removed by death and their places taken by new agents. Of these thirteen men, seven were colonists, and six were Englishmen whose various connections with the colonies rendered them peculiarly fitted to act for the communities across the sea. Though the dominant interest of New England was commerce, and the dominant citizen was the merchant, less than half of the agents were from that class. The majority had been trained in the law.

At the close of the Seven Years' War, New Hampshire was employing as her agents the John Thomlinsons, father and son. The elder had been born in Antigua, and had wide trading interests in the colonies. He had held government contracts during the War of the Austrian Succession, and had been the New Hampshire representative for a number of years. His son, elected to Parliament in 1762, was appointed to assist his father, probably on account of the help he could give the colonial cause in his official position. His services were unfortunately cut short by ill health and his premature death in 1765. His father having already died, two new agents were appointed, John Wentworth, of the well-known Wentworth family of New Hampshire, who resigned a year later to become governor of that colony, and Barlow Trecothick, a prominent London merchant. Because he had lived in the colonies and possessed substantial information about them, had important business connections, and was a member of Parliament, he was highly respected by his brother merchants. Consequently he occupied a position of leadership among the agents; his advice was frequently sought and his support gave weight to any proposal or project.[1]

[1] He was one of the thirty English merchants who sent a letter to New England in February, 1766, predicting the repeal of the stamp act. Rhode Island addressed a letter of thanks to him in connection with his work for repeal, and Benjamin Franklin and William S. Johnson speak of consulting him.

The agency of Massachusetts had long been in the hands of William Bollan, son-in-law of Governor Shirley, and an able lawyer. He had been sent to England as early as 1745 with a petition of the colony concerning the "insupportable charge of the [Louisburg] expedition." So successfully did he perform this mission that he continued to serve Massachusetts for almost twenty years. During this period he proved himself an efficient and valuable agent, for he possessed an exact knowledge of colonial resources, particularly those of Massachusetts, and became well versed in the delicate arts of the colonial agency. In 1762, however, he incurred the wrath of the General Court over the question of the expenses of the Seven Years' War; the assembly refused to support him, but he continued to act as the agent of the council until the outbreak of war.

Meanwhile the Massachusetts assembly chose Dennys de Berdt, a London merchant of Dutch descent, to present on its behalf the petitions of the Stamp Act Congress to the home government. Beside his commercial connections, De Berdt had various other interests in the colonies. He had an enduring enthusiasm for religion and maintained a steady correspondence with his American friends on tracts and sermons; he followed with care the travels of the Reverend George Whitefield; he was sincerely devoted to the cause of charity, and gave freely of his money and services to the establishment of the Indian Charity School in Lebanon, Connecticut.[2] Furthermore, his home was a general rendezvous for young American travellers, who enjoyed the company of his attractive daughter as well as her father's hospitality.

On De Berdt's death, in 1770, Massachusetts appointed to the post Benjamin Franklin, printer, scientist, philosopher, and statesman. It was also voted that Arthur Lee, the youngest son of the Lees of Virginia, should act as agent in case of the absence or death of Mr. Franklin. Although he was not an official agent, Lee may be rightfully said to belong to the group as early as 1766. In many ways he is the most exciting figure of all. Here was no thrifty merchant looking at the

[2] Later this became Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire.

issues of the period from the point of view of profit and loss, nor yet a man bound by the narrow legal background. He was a passionate young hot-head whose close association with his brothers during the early days of the stamp act controversy developed in him a violent opposition against the policies of the home government. He decided to return to England (where he had been educated) and there to devote himself to the colonial cause. On his arrival he began at once to play the rôle of "agent at large." Convinced that the only real hope for colonial liberty lay in determined resistance to the ministry, he did everything in his power to crystallize that resistance and make it articulate. His mental power and his crusading spirit made him a striking figure, and he became equally welcome in intellectual, scientific, aristocratic, and radical circles.[3]

Connecticut employed three agents during the era, Richard Jackson, Thomas Life, and William Samuel Johnson. Jackson was a well-known lawyer and country gentleman who enjoyed an unusual reputation for encyclopædic knowledge and clarity of thought. He was a liberal who could see the whole situation of England and her colonies in a broad way — indeed he was one of the first to use and appreciate the significance of the term, the "British Empire." At the same time as a lawyer he could not escape from the legal point of view. "An Act of the supreme Legislature," he asserted, "is a law till it be repealed and ought not to be resisted, but a repeal solicited."[4] Jackson's value as a colonial representative consisted not only in the fact that he was a member of Parliament, but also in that he was closely associated with men in power. In 1765, he acted as private secretary to Grenville, and in addition was also a personal friend of Lord Shelburne, and of

[3] In 1775, he was appointed agent of the secret committee of Congress to correspond with friends of the colonies in Europe, and later was sent with Franklin and Deane to the court of France to seek recognition of American independence.

[4] *Collections*, Connecticut Historical Society, XVII-XVIII: The *Fitch Papers* (Hartford, Connecticut, 1918-1920): Jackson to Governor Fitch, February, 1766; II, 36.

the great champion of the colonial cause, Colonel Barré. Moreover, his numerous scientific and philanthropic avocations gave him friends all over England.

Thomas Life was another London barrister who had been appointed in 1760 to represent Connecticut in the Mohican case. Apparently he confined his efforts to this mission for ten years. After the resignation of Jackson and the return of Johnson to the colonies in 1771, he took over the arduous post of general agent for Connecticut and remained her sole agent until the Declaration of Independence.

William Samuel Johnson, son of the first president of Columbia University, and later himself president of the same institution, joined the group in 1766 as special agent for Connecticut on the Mohican case. Arriving in England in February, he prepared his briefs for an immediate hearing before the privy council, and expected to return home at the end of a few months. Instead, the case was delayed again and again, detaining him for five years. This postponement caused him not a little discomfort, for he naturally was unhappy to be away from his family for such a long period. Nevertheless his father was so distinguished a figure that young Johnson was promptly received into the very pleasant society of the clergy of the Church of England. Soon the young lawyer, who had helped to draw up the resolutions of the Stamp Act Congress, was enjoying a round of dinner engagements, visits, and excursions to all parts of England. Though primarily engaged on the Mohican case, Johnson found plenty of time to watch the game of politics. His letters to Connecticut gave such intelligent accounts of the trend of events in the mother country that he was at length requested to assist Jackson and Life. Thereafter he joined with his brother agents in furthering the interests of the colonies.

Joseph Sherwood, Quaker lawyer, agent for the Jersies, and close friend of the recently-deceased Richard Partridge, had been agent for Rhode Island since 1759. Although it is clear that Sherwood coöperated with his colleagues and their merchant friends in the colonial pleas for relief, we find very little

reference to this in his letters. He seems to have devoted most of his energies to a futile attempt to collect for Rhode Island a war debt of several years' standing. In 1771, Henry Marchant, attorney-general of the colony, was sent to England to assist Sherwood in this matter. He is of very little interest, however, as he was in the mother country for but a brief period and did not concern himself in the major issues of the times.

The new policies of the Grenville ministry towards the American colonies became obvious to every one soon after the close of the Seven Years' War. In October, 1763, an act was passed to strengthen the customs regulations; in March, 1764, the sugar act became a law in spite of the protests of the agents and the wrath of the New England merchants, and less than a year later Grenville introduced into Parliament his famous bill, the stamp act. Although petitions were presented against it, the bill was passed with little or no opposition, so firmly did Parliament believe in its right of taxation.

Notwithstanding the violent reaction of the colonists and their determination to "resist the execution of the Stamp Act until death," the news of which reached the mother country in the autumn of 1765, the real fight for repeal did not begin until January, 1766. Then followed meetings between merchants and the colonial agents to discuss ways and means and to prepare petitions, for by that time the merchants were making no secret of their losses in the colonial trade. The personal interview either with a loyal friend of the colonies or with some one who might be won over to the cause of the colonies was considered one of the most successful methods of obtaining help. Jackson wrote: "I have conversed with every man that disposed to attend to me and have presented every argument in my power to induce a repeal,"[5] and Henry Cruger, Jr., of Bristol, declared in a letter to his father: "I was three weeks in London and every day with some member of Parliament talking as it were for my own life. . . . I am no politician, but in this matter of America and its trade I embarked body

[5] Jackson to Governor Fitch, January 11, 1766: *Fitch Papers*, 28.

and soul. I have been with all the great men of the kingdom."[6]

The press was also called into service, and the members of Parliament were bombarded with pamphlets. Signing himself "Homespun," "Pacificus," or simply "Traveller," Franklin engaged in a program of educating the British public on the issues of the controversy. At one time he thought it necessary to explain that the colonists were not entirely dependent on British woolen goods. He declared: "The very tails of the American sheep are so laden with wool that each has a little car or wagon to keep it from trailing on the ground."[7] His remarks were not always facetious; he carried on his campaign with careful reasoning and, at times, acid sarcasm.

Dennys de Berdt had received the notice of his appointment as agent of the Massachusetts assembly in December, 1765, and had lost no time in presenting Lord Dartmouth with the three petitions of the Congress and in consulting "omniscient" Jackson on the situation. This agent took his duties very seriously and thought he must act for all the New England communities because none of the others had appointed special advocates to handle the Stamp Act Congress petitions. Not content with repeated conferences with Dartmouth, he called on Secretary Conway with the petition addressed to the king, and also secured the promise of George Cooke, a man of "considerable influence in the House, and chairman of the American committee," to take charge of the memorial in the House of Commons.

The last act in the drama was the final debate on the stamp act in Parliament. As the discussion progressed, all the petitions from both the colonies and from the British manufacturing towns were examined, and many persons were summoned to explain their arguments. Among these were Trecothick, who took the stand for over three hours, and Franklin,

[6] Henry Cruger, Jr., to his father, February 14, 1766: *Commerce of Rhode Island* (Boston, 1914—1915), I, 139.

[7] Albert H. Smyth, *The Writings of Benjamin Franklin* (New York, 1906), IV, 368.

who, in his famous examination, cleverly showed that the tax could never be collected from the loyal but determined colonies.

No one rejoiced over the repeal more than De Berdt. He was one of the group of jubilant merchants who chartered the *Minerva*, called the "merchant express," to speed across the Atlantic with the glad news. His letter of congratulation to the Massachusetts assembly showed his sincere interest in the colonies. "I desire to stand up in the cause of civil and religious liberty," he wrote, "while my bellows continue to heave and my pulse reverberate."[8]

Dreams for a period of peace and prosperity following the repeal of the stamp act were rudely shattered by the passage of the Townshend acts in the spring of 1767. No one in England was really surprised, for Grenville's animosity against the colonies became clear to every one during the weeks of bitter parliamentary discussion. William S. Johnson, who had now been in the mother country for over a year, was in the spectators' gallery in the House of Commons on May 15, 1767, when that minister prefaced his speech by saying: "I hope there are no Americans present; I must hold such language as I would not have them hear."[9] Though the debates concerning Massachusetts and New York were a few days later held behind closed doors, it was commonly reported that Parliament intended to make an example of New York, and thus assert its dignity and sovereignty.[10]

[8] *Publications* of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts: Albert Matthews, "Letters of Dennys de Berdt, 1757-1770," XIII (1912), 293-461: De Berdt to William Brattle, July, 1766; 319.

[9] E. E. Beardsley, *The Life and Letters of W. S. Johnson* (New York, 1874), 41.

[10] Massachusetts was not only involved in quarrels with her governor, but had recently attached an objectionable rider to her act providing compensation to the sufferers in the stamp act riots. This rider, which granted a general pardon and indemnity to those connected with the riots, was received with great indignation in England. New York was also the object of wrath on account of her attitude towards the billeting act.

The agents were well aware of the universal opposition of the colonies against the Townshend acts, but the winter of 1768 proved unfavorable to work for repeal. For one thing, America had lost some of its friends in the changes in the ministry; Conway had resigned and the control of American affairs, now taken from Lord Shelburne, was entrusted in the form of a separate department to Lord Hillsborough, a gentleman who had very little sympathy for the colonies. Secondly, the news of the non-importation agreements and the circular letter of Massachusetts did much to crystallize public opinion in England against the repeal. Finally, the parliamentary elections, in which John Wilkes was a notorious figure, overshadowed every other event for the time being. Consequently, in spite of some formal colonial petitions for relief, Parliament rose without taking any action on the matter.

Even before the session of 1769 began, the colonial representatives were holding meetings to draw up a general plan of attack. It was not easy to formulate this, for differences of opinion and the uncertain attitude of the English merchants raised difficult questions. Some thought it would be wiser to leave out of their petitions the colonial argument of constitutional rights; while others declared that silence on this important point would amount to a denial of its validity. After considerable discussion it was decided that the chances of obtaining repeal of the Townshend acts would be greater if the principle of the right of taxation was discreetly ignored. Once more measures were taken to secure assistance from the merchants, although it was feared that their enthusiasm for helping the colonies was rapidly waning.

The fact that Arthur Lee was not at this time an official agent of any community, did not prevent him from playing an active rôle in the winter of 1769. Not only did he try to induce Shelburne and his friends to take vigorous action, but he wrote a series of articles or editorials which appeared at frequent intervals during the year. The *Monitor's Letters*, as one group was called, were addressed primarily to the colonists. In the elaborate style dear to the eighteenth-century

heart, he fulminated against the tyranny of the government. These were followed by twenty-four essays intended to awaken the British public to the iniquitous policies of the ministry. Signed "Junius Americanus," and appearing for the first time in July, 1769, one or two were published every month for almost a year. Five of them subjected Hillsborough to the most bitter criticism; six of them launched during the trial of Sir Francis Bernard, attacked him mercilessly; seven of them called upon the people of England to unite with the colonies in opposing the oppressive acts. The remaining six continued the same theme and demanded the repeal of the Townshend acts which had cast the Americans into the depths of slavery.

It soon became apparent that there was little hope for repeal by Parliament in 1769, as Hillsborough insisted on continuing his policy of enforcing the authority of the home government. Nevertheless, in spite of the discouraging outlook, the repeal of the revenue act was formally moved in April and vigorously supported by the friends of the colonies. Trecothick, as usual, spoke on their behalf by seconding the motion in a "judicial sensible speech." Defeat, however, could not be averted.

The session of 1770 was approached by those interested in American affairs with considerable apprehension. The working of the non-importation agreements, the events of the previous summer in America (interpreted by many as defiance) and the relative strength of the ministry and the opposition were daily topics of conversation in social and political England. Although there were many rumors of repeal before the end of the year, no confidence could be placed in the promises of the government. Separation of the colonies and the mother country — thought impossible a few years before, when it was thought of at all — now began to be discussed seriously as a possible solution of their troubles.

Still again the group of New England agents, which consisted of Trecothick, De Berdt, Jackson, Johnson, and Sherwood, met with their colleagues and allies to devise a suitable program. A new complication now arose in the shape of the

desire of some to seek the repeal of the Townshend duties only, because there seemed to be no hope of getting rid of all the obnoxious acts. This scheme was urged by the merchants whose trade was being slowly ruined by the colonial boycott of English goods, imperfect though it was. De Berdt stoutly opposed the idea, which he characterized as "lopping the top branches of a tree which out [*sic*] to be entirely rooted out."[11] At length a compromise was reached between agents and merchants.

The question of repeal was not debated until March, 1770, but the advocates of the colonies began their old round of personal calls and presenting petitions as soon as Parliament opened. As before, an attempt was made to influence public opinion with pamphlets and newspapers. We find no mention in the many letters of the agents of other means of persuasion, but judging from their accounts in other crises, presents of wine and treats at the coffee-houses were probably made use of to win over some of their opponents to the colonial cause.[12] De Berdt was at this time deeply involved in the Bernard trial, but he found time to meet with his merchant friends, to join in the formal petitions for the repeal, and to make the requisite number of calls on influential noblemen.

As usual the discussion over the policy towards the colonies in the House of Commons was long and heated, and the arguments presented on both sides were wearisomely familiar. Colonel Barré, Sir William Meredith, the great Burke, Jackson, the faithful Trecothick, and others spoke on behalf of the colonies, while their adversaries belonged for the most part to the Grenville party, described by Johnson as a "long, formidable, and d-t-st-ble list."[13] In the midst of the debate, England was aroused by the news of the Boston massacre, but

[11] De Berdt to Thomas McKean, February, 1770: *Transactions*, Colonial Society, XIII, 399.

[12] Richard Partridge, agent for Rhode Island, mentions such practices during the struggle over the molasses act, 1730-1733.

[13] Johnson to Governor Trumbull, June 28, 1770: *Trumbull Papers*, 4 Vols. (Boston, 1885-1902), I, 444.

fortunately this did not affect the outcome. The final vote was in favor of removing all the duties except that on tea. When trade with America started up briskly almost immediately, it was thought once more that the controversy with the colonies was satisfactorily settled.

Meanwhile De Berdt, who was now in his seventy-sixth year, was working on the case of Sir Francis Bernard, which had arisen as a result of his letters criticising the colony. Acting on the instructions of the Massachusetts assembly, in the autumn of 1769, De Berdt demanded the removal of Governor Bernard. The agent had many sympathizers, for it was thought that the colony had been severely treated, but his defeat, in spite of his labors, was a foregone conclusion. Governor Bernard had so many influential friends in England (among whom was Lord Hillsborough) that he was able to obtain a hearing before the privy council before the colonial assembly had time to send over the proofs of its charges. His scheme for an immediate hearing was transparent to many observers. Arthur Lee wrote to his brother: "Governor Bernard is to be examined before the Council with the view to deceive the world of his innocence . . . with this view only six days' notice is given to the agent to summon witnesses three thousand miles distant."[14]

In the few extra weeks granted in response to his request, De Berdt labored late and early. He wrote frantic letters to the speaker of the Massachusetts assembly for satisfactory evidence; he consulted frequently with his lawyer, and with Colonel Barré, a member of the privy council; he got hold of all the documents possible in England, including copies of the famous letters; and he had printed and distributed two pamphlets by Samuel Adams, one called *Remarks on Bernard's Letters*, and the other *An Appeal to the World*. When a second petition for more time was denied him (a piece of bad luck which he attributed to the influence of Bernard), De Berdt was bitterly disappointed. On the advice of his counsel he

[14] Lee to his brother, November 9, 1769: R. H. Lee, *Life of Arthur Lee* (Boston, 1829), 194.

refused even to appear at the trial, but sent a memorial of protest. In dignified terms he charged Governor Bernard with twice proroguing the Massachusetts assembly for six months each time to prevent that body from preparing the papers which supported their charges and which De Berdt needed. The governor, however, was white-washed, as might have been expected — the charges against him being dismissed as "groundless, vexatious, and scandalous."

To the relief of every one, except perhaps the confirmed radicals like Lee in England and Samuel Adams in Boston, the years following the repeal of the Townshend acts were quiet and, for the most part, uneventful. Though grievances in the shape of the duty on tea, and troops in Boston still existed, and though rumors of threatening legislation arose from time to time, gradually the old animosities faded away. The most striking event of the period, the burning of the *Gaspee* in 1772, showed that the colonists had not returned wholeheartedly to their old loyalties.

Many changes took place among the agents for New England in the interval between the repeal of the duties and the Boston tea party, which precipitated the last period of protest. De Berdt and Sherwood died; Johnson returned to Connecticut in 1771; and in the same year Jackson resigned, leaving only Life to represent that community. The Rhode Island post remained unfilled; while Massachusetts appointed Franklin and Lee as her agents.

The period that preceeded the shipment of tea to Boston was so fundamentally peaceful notwithstanding sundry small irritations that neither of the Massachusetts agents foresaw how quickly the situation could take on the character of a crisis. Lee had continued perennially to criticise the members of the home government and their policies in print, but as late as October, 1773, when the tea lay ready to be sent to the colonies, he reported to Samuel Adams that Parliament would probably not meet until January. How little his famous colleague guessed of the impending storm is seen from his letters of November, 1773. He remarked that the home government

was anxious to pursue a conciliatory policy towards America, and he thought it would consent to restore it to the *status quo* before the stamp act. He added that public opinion was very friendly towards the colonies, and he went on to speculate idly as to how the tea would be received. If the people objected to it, he was sure that the act would be promptly repealed. How different would be the reception of that tea and how disastrous the consequences, he little dreamed at the time!

As soon as the news of the tea party arrived, Franklin waited on Lord Dartmouth with the accounts of the episode which he had received. Before, however, the home government reached any decision on the matter, the hearing on the Massachusetts petition praying for the removal of Governor Hutchinson took place. To Franklin's complete surprise — he was acting on behalf of the Massachusetts assembly — he was disgracefully abused during the proceedings because he had been instrumental in sending the Hutchinson letters to Boston. Close on the heels of his humiliation in the cock-pit came the notice of his dismissal from the position of postmaster-general of the colonies. He bore all this with fortitude, but he viewed the chances of harmonious relations between America and England in the future as hopeless if a colonial agent was to be insulted for merely looking out for the interests of those whom he was representing. "Where complaining is a crime," he said, "hope becomes despair."[15]

He immediately resigned the agency of Massachusetts, for he realized that after this experience he could have no more negotiations with the ministers of the mother country. This left Lee to act alone for the colony under the most trying of circumstances. The destruction of the tea had aroused widespread antagonism against the colonies; the hearing on the Massachusetts petition was still unfinished, and no one could foretell what measures Parliament would adopt in this crisis. It is not surprising that he keenly felt his responsibilities and wrote to Samuel Adams: "The present time is extremely criti-

[15] Franklin to Thomas Cushing, February 15, 1774: Smyth, *Life and Writings of Franklin*, IV, 191.

cal . . . from the prevailing temper here I think you ought to be prepared for the worst."[16]

In March, Parliament began to discuss the situation in Massachusetts. Many bills for punishing her very severely were advocated by the more radical members, but the Boston port act was the first piece of legislation. This was voted over the protests of both the agents and the merchants, who dreaded a return of another struggle marked by ruinous non-importation agreements. The four other coercive acts were then passed in quick succession. Though there was a strong attempt made to mitigate their harshness even if they could not be prevented, the effort was futile, for the colonists now had "very few friends in Parliament."

By autumn the outlook was well-nigh hopeless, but Lee was soon planning a program of remonstrance that had for its goal repeal of all the acts. He felt encouraged by the prompt calling of the Continental Congress, and with the resiliency of youth predicted that relief was not far off. He still had faith in the power of propaganda, publishing *An Appeal to the Justice and Interests of the People of Great Britain in the Present Disputes with America.* This time he adopted the literary device of writing as a member of Parliament thus hoping, in all probability, to make his plea more earnest. Far less denunciatory than some of his former pamphlets, its review of the policies of the home government towards the colonies since the Seven Years' War could leave no doubt as to their stupidity. "In every view of our proceedings against America," he declared, "we see them unwise, perilous, and unprofitable. If passion and prejudice have not totally taken the place of reason and enquiry, let the planners of this system show us what they rationally expect from it."[17]

When the documents of the Continental Congress, which included an appeal to the agents for aid and a petition to the

[16] Lee to Adams, February 8, 1774: Lee, *Life of Arthur Lee*, 240.

[17] A. H. Lee, *An Appeal to the Justice and Interests of the People of Great Britain in the Present Disputes with America* (London, 1774), 42. This pamphlet is in the John Carter Brown Library.

king, arrived in England, Franklin, the most admired American in the mother country, at once called a meeting of the colonial representatives to discuss the best means of reaching the monarch's attention. Several, among whom was Life, hesitated to deliver the petition because their instructions did not cover such an extraordinary situation. On the other hand Lee, Franklin, and Bollan, who was still the agent of the Massachusetts council, determined to push it through, if possible. Accordingly they presented the paper to Lord Dartmouth, and also published it — for the purpose of letting Englishmen understand the reasoned sentiment of the American colonists. The king ignored the petition, but the undaunted agents prayed for a hearing. All this was useless, however, and the request of the Congress for redress met the same fate as most of the memorials of the revolutionary period.

Soon after the agents' failure to obtain satisfaction concerning the petition, there occurred the most interesting incident, perhaps, in the whole history of the representatives of this period. One day Franklin was casually asked to set down his suggestions for healing the rapidly-widening breach between the colonies and England. He needed little urging because he was not at this time an agent for any community and did not suspect that his thoughts would be used for anything more than pleasant discussions among his friends. "But," he remarked, "I soon after found that it [the paper of suggestions] had taken the air by some means or other."[18] The little folder which he called "Hints for Conversation upon the Subject of the Terms that might probably produce a Durable Union between Great Britain and the Colonies" was passed around among influential gentlemen and read with great eagerness.

All this Franklin explained by remarking that during the winter of 1775 there had arisen a widespread desire to find some means of conciliating the colonies and thus averting separation. Because the ministry felt that a change of policy

[18] Franklin to his son, W. R. Franklin; Smyth, *Life and Writings of Franklin*, VI, 341.

would be inconsistent with its dignity, Franklin was hit upon as the most likely instrument of reconciliation. Courted by all the great men in the kingdom, he found his advice sought on the delicate but pressing business of devising some formula that might keep the colonies within the empire. These flattering negotiations occupied several weeks. Unfortunately, however, after hours of deliberation between Franklin and the political leaders, the plan they devised failed to meet the approval of the home government. The philosopher and statesman had scarcely dared to hope for the miracle of securing a method for preventing war. When these last-minute conferences failed of their purpose, he decided that his period of usefulness to the colonies in England was over, and sailed for America a few weeks before the events at Lexington and Concord.

After these skirmishes it was obvious that the era of petitions, memorials, and remonstrances was at an end, and the colonists turned their attention to preparations for war. During the few years that elapsed after the Seven Years' War, the small group of thirteen men who represented the New England colonies found themselves confronted with extremely arduous duties. Great Britain handled the colonial question with striking ineptitude; the colonial opposition, on the other hand, turned out to be surprisingly vigorous and deep-rooted. Alert, patient, faithful, and industrious, these agents exerted their best efforts to protect the interests of the communities on the edge of the empire. They tried to prevent obnoxious legislation; they labored to clarify the colonial point of view; they strove to obtain repeal of the most offensive acts and soften the rigors of others. If they were unable to preserve harmonious relations between the colonies and the mother country, it was, to quote Franklin, because they hoped to hinder "the sun's setting."

BOOK REVIEWS

Lord Jeffery Amherst: A Soldier of the King. By J. C. Long. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. Pp. xxi, 373. $4.00.)

This is an unusually good biography of a figure in British and American history that has been until recently more or less neglected. One can hardly say that Amherst has not been appreciated, for our ancestors named towns and counties in his honor; George III made him a peer of the realm; Parkman accorded him no little praise; and Fortescue, the historian of the British army, went so far as to maintain that Amherst was "the greatest military administrator produced by England since Marlborough, and he remained the greatest until the rise of Wellington." Nevertheless Jeffery Amherst has never caught the fancy nor excited the imagination of readers of history, unless they happened to be graduates of a well-known "college upon the hill." Wolfe, reciting Gray's "Elegy" before the attack on Quebec and dying in the midst of victory on the Plains of Abraham, was so romantic a leader that none of his contemporaries in the field could hope to compete with him for that kind of glory. Wolfe was a young man with a sweetheart. Amherst was twice married, and died at the age of eighty. Every one was willing to admit that in the conquest of Canada he showed great ability, perhaps genius; but few knew much about the man himself, and fewer cared to learn. Jeffery Amherst was merely the name of a British general who turned New France into Canada.

When his journal for his years in America was published in the Canadian Historical Studies a year or two ago, we began to become acquainted with him. He was fond of trees and shrubs; he disliked pomp and circumstance; he had a temper but kept it under control. All this was so much to the good, but one still felt that he knew as little about General Amherst as if he had met him just once at a rather formal dinner.

Now comes Mr. Long's remarkable biography which is based upon letters — seventeen chests of them — which for almost one hundred and thirty years were hidden away in the cellar of Montreal House in Kent. This material, comprising 85,000 items, came to light when the estate was sold in 1925. The official letters have been loaned to the British War Office and may be studied at the Public Record Office. The private papers have been retained by the present Earl Amherst and are preserved at his home in London. Under the bottom lining of one of the three chests of private papers Mr. Long discovered a package tied with a pink ribbon. This contained a number of letters Jeffery Amherst wrote to his jealous, unbalanced wife while he was campaigning on the continent in the Seven Years' War. These letters more than any others in the book make the soldier a human being, and what they reveal explains in part at least the reticent, unemotional, almost stolid person he became. He was not always like that. Though he stalks through the pages of English and American history cold, grave, and efficient, the friends of his youth, notably Joseph Yorke, had a deep affection for him which they never outgrew. When one reads a letter that closes with "Take care of yourself for God's sake, my dear Jeff and continue to love your most affectionate — J. Yorke," he feels drawn not only to the writer but to the recipient as well.

Mr. Long writes in a lively but not undignified style. He feels great enthusiasm for his subject, as every biographer should, but seldom if ever does he allow this to get the better of his judgment. Amherst's achievements during the American Revolution and the French Revolution were neither glorious nor inglorious. They were merely the best he could do under difficult conditions. Inevitably they were an anti-climax in his career. The author places them in as good a light as he can; but even so one comes away with the impression that Amherst, except in his handling of the Gordon Riots, was slowly running down.

A diverting chapter in the book treats of an attempt by a group of enterprising gentlemen of Hampshire County, Massachusetts, to get possession of some property left by Colonel

Ephraim Williams and therewith found a college in or near the town of Amherst. The scheme came to naught; the General Court under the leadership of James Otis saw to that. In desperation the prime movers turned to General Amherst and asked him to lay the matter before the king. Very properly Amherst replied: "I think the application should first come through the Governor of the province." If the governor and council approved the petition for a charter, he would be glad to do all he could to procure favorable action on it in England. From this diplomatic refusal the author jumps to the following interesting conclusion: "Had General Amherst found it possible to act at once without the necessity of appeasing the Legislature, Williams College would never have been founded." One reader at least finds it difficult to follow him. Even if Amherst had taken the initiative, what assurance is there that his efforts would have met with success at the throne? He did not always get all he asked for from George III. And even if the king had granted a charter for the proposed college, does it necessarily follow that the courts would have turned over to it Ephraim Williams's bequest?

As a whole, however, Mr. Long's work is admirable, and one does not hesitate to say that we now have the definitive biography of Jeffery Amherst.

LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO.

Emotional Currents in American History. By J. H. Denison. (New York and London: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. Pp. xvi, 420. $5.00.)

"It is a new kind of history," asserts the author of the publisher's jacket. This is not entirely true, for no conception of American history is older than that which envisages the national past as a battle-ground of ideas and ideals. There is novelty, however, in the development of this thesis by a clergyman who prefers psychological to theological terminology and who sees the motivating ideas as many and complex rather than few and simple. Nor does he fall into the familiar error of holding that the sentiments with which he is concerned

operated in a vacuum, unrelated to the grosser appetites and ambitions of humanity. In fact, so catholic is his point of view that, once he swings into his narrative, his interpretation seems quite like that of most present-day historians.

Ideas, he maintains, are not important in themselves. "The power of an idea depends on the emotional charge it has accumulated" (ix). An emotion, we learn later, is "any feeling that can move a man to action" (xiii). More specifically, "the desire for wealth can generate as much feeling as the love of liberty" (44). Apparently, then, economic motivation is a species of emotional motivation. This is a wholly tenable position, since men in the mass are too little informed, too short-sighted or too gullible to follow intelligently their material self-interest. At the most, they act in accordance with what they suppose to be their self-interest. In regard to this crucial point, however, the author is murky, for elsewhere in the volume he deems it important to draw a distinction between the influence of "agencies such as commerce and industry" and the "even more fundamental" part played by "emotion" (xii) as if the two were separable. The author would have his cake and eat it too.

The first chapter, in which he analyzes such phenomena as "political dynamics," "storm areas" and "emotional fetishes," is the most provocative and important of the book. In applying these concepts to actual events and movements, as he does in later chapters, he betrays only a superficial knowledge of history. Making no pretence to "independent research" (xv), he suggests the authorities upon whom he relied by references to such writers as George Bancroft, Lossing, Sandburg, and Bowers. His account is marred by innumerable factual errors. Despite such short-comings, which, after all, do not invalidate the point of view, the volume performs a useful service in specifically directing attention to the irrational factors in human development.

A. M. Schlesinger.

Colonial Architecture of Cape Cod, Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. By Alfred Easton Poor. (New York: William Helburn. 1932. Pp. 135. $8.50.)

Builders on Cape Cod will do well to peruse at length this admirable collection of photographs of houses on the Cape, Nantucket, and the Vineyard as an antidote to the amorphous bungalows that have recently become the fashion. Mr. Poor's book includes pictures of old houses of almost every type, from the Jorgenson house in Dennis (Plate 2), a typical, one-story Cape cottage, where Captain Daniel Howes lived for more than ninety years, to the mansions built on whale-oil in Nantucket. Even the humble, necessary barn has its place in the collection, and an old windmill or two for lovers of the picturesque. Specialists will enjoy the scale drawings of fireplaces, doorways, and windows which are included at the end of the book.

It is, perhaps, unkind to mention omissions in so generous a collection as Mr. Poor's, but one looks in vain for the Captain Joseph Atwood house in Chatham (almost the only remaining example of a gambrel roof since Captain James Baxter's house in Barnstable burned a generation ago) and for the Isaac Dillingham house in West Brewster, a very early specimen of the graceful salt-box type. More serious than his omissions are Mr. Poor's geographical inaccuracies. The Jacquelin cottage (Plate 5), which is credited to Barnstable, was not built on the Cape at all, but was moved there quite recently from somewhere in the Plymouth woods; the fine two-story house shown in Plate 33 is not in South Yarmouth but in Yarmouthport; "near Barnstable" is too cautious for the salt-box house on Plate 20—it is *in* Barnstable; and the nearest old mill to Truro (Plate 54) is in Eastham, two towns away. However, these slips are of no concern to the general reader, who will turn the pages of this book with delight and, if he is wise, with profit as well.

HENRY C. KITTREDGE.

The American Notebooks. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. *Based upon the Original Manuscripts in the Pierpont Morgan Library.* Edited by Randall Stewart. (New Haven: Yale University Press. 1932. Pp. xcvi, 350. $5.00.)

On Friday the seventh of April, 1843, Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne left the Old Manse in Concord to spend two or three weeks in Boston, for her sister Mary was about to become the wife of Horace Mann. On the morning of the tenth her lonely husband arose after a fitful night. He sat until eight "meditating upon this world and the next, and my dear little wife, as connected with both"; in the forenoon he attempted to write, but at eleven he quit with nothing done "to my satisfaction"; then he strolled to the post office, where there was no mail; then he read for an hour or more at the Athenæum "and returned without saying a word to mortal." Somewhere about the village he eavesdropped upon a conversation; some "son of Adam," it seemed, was to be buried that afternoon, from the meeting-house, "but the name of the deceased escaped me." He was still embellished with a black-and-blue eye, inflicted the Friday before by a flying stick of wood; in the first hours after his wife's departure he had feverishly attacked the wood-pile, "there being an inward unquietness, which demanded active exercise," and his unquietness had not endowed him with any particular expertness in the handling of an axe. So upon this Monday he looked no one in the face, "and therefore turned my back, or my shoulder, as much as possible upon the world."

Students of *The Scarlet Letter*, already acclimated to allegory, ought not to object if the behavior of Nathaniel Hawthorne upon this dour April day be held up as an accurate symbol of both the artist and the man. His inexpressible lassitude, his unutterable loneliness, the apparent facility with which he could make a "variegated face" one more occasion for his speaking no word to any mortal — all this, coupled with his vast avidity for observing, for overhearing, for noting the doings and the tragedies of the sons of Adam, almost com-

pletely dramatizes the dark enigma which Hawthorne will ever be — in spite of psychologists and psychoanalysts. Yet critics who have learned from the method of these investigators have already called attention to one matter which this tenth of April also illustrates: that in the first years of his married life Hawthorne came as near to escaping from his desolate isolation as at any time, that only when Mrs. Hawthorne had gone to Boston, did he relapse into something like the solitariness of his Salem days. So in one sense, we may have the "dear little wife" to thank for whatever flowering her husband's genius achieved in the great works written in the first ten or twelve years of their marriage. It was she who, consciously or unconsciously, delivered him for a time from his self-constructed dungeon and enabled him, for at least a few years, to come to grips with something more than phantoms.

That much, as a woman and a wife, she may have done. But it is our melancholy office to note that while in this respect she rendered American literature a service, in another respect she did American literature (and particularly American criticism) a decided dis-service. She was not only Hawthorne's wife, she was his executor and his editor. It was from her correcting hand that the *Notebooks* emerged, and in the form in which she left them they have deluded the world for some sixty-five years. Of course, Mrs. Hawthorne individually is not to be held to blame. She did only what her age and its standards deemed proper, and it would be difficult for her to understand why we to-day are on the verge of calling her dishonest. But Hawthorne is a great figure in the literature of the world, and if criticism is to justify itself, it must get at the facts. It is useless to discuss a man if we can encounter him only as he appears when tailored to the conventions of the genteel tradition. And such tailoring was Mrs. Hawthorne's contribution to the journals.

Hence Mr. Stewart has earned the gratitude of posterity by redeeming what now we must consider was Mrs. Hawthorne's mis-directed zeal, by reprinting the *American Notebooks* precisely as Hawthorne wrote them. To this reviewer, at least, it is a satisfaction to discover that after all Hawthorne did

write "bellies" and "backside" and "dung," and not "bodies" and "rear" and "excrement"; it is a major experience to find at last the authentic account of the recovery of Martha Hunt's body from the Concord river; and it is a great relief to learn that Hawthorne, visiting in Augusta, Maine, had the true delicacy to call certain practitioners of the world's oldest profession not "a knot of women," but simply "a knot of whores." He could say "swap" and "swill" and "run it down," and say "gentlemen and ladies" instead of "ladies and gentlemen"; he could announce frankly that he hated work, and he could allow his wife to rake the leaves. To change or omit such passages, as Mr. Stewart remarks, is not only to mis-represent the man, it is to subtract from his humanity. These restorations may or may not make the enigma of Hawthorne any more soluble, but they enable us at least to put our questions with greater relevancy.

Mr. Stewart's work might be held up as a model to all editors. The notes are complete, brief, and unostentatious. The format of the book and the type are decidedly pleasing. For an introduction Mr. Stewart has analyzed the *Notebooks* for their relation to Hawthorne's tales, and in this section has provided the student with an indispensable aid to the study of the genesis and the nature of Hawthorne's art. Since he has done so much, it seems perhaps regrettable that he has been tempted to add to his introduction two detached essays upon character-types and themes in Hawthorne's fiction, both of which have but incidental relation to the notebooks and are chiefly concerned with pointing out possible "sources" for Hawthorne's ideas in Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Godwin. As essays they are suggestive, but they suffer from the ills which "source-studies" are generally heir to, particularly from the fallacy of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. For instance, Mr. Stewart ventures the guarded suggestion that an entry concerning the Wandering Jew "may possibly" be related to the make-up of the villain in *The Marble Faun*, but in his very next sentence he roundly declares "it is clear" that though this villain has the familiar characteristics of all Hawthorne's evil figures, he also has the added quality of the Wandering Jew.

So also, in discussing individual possibilities of Spenserian influences, Mr. Stewart is wary enough to qualify with an "it seems probable," or a "doubtless," yet in his summary he confidently affirms: "I have been able to point out instances of the influence of Spenser." The reader may be pardoned if he remains slightly skeptical of such logic. But these are, no doubt, minor points, and the body of the work remains an excellent and a valuable contribution to the study of a great personality.

PERRY MILLER.

Curricula of the Small High Schools of Maine. By Evelyn Butler Phillips. (Orono, Maine: University Press. 1932. Pp. 89. $1.00.)

In this study of the *curricula* of the small high schools of Maine, the traditional method of present-day educational procedure in similar studies is very closely followed. Beginning with a short chapter containing a statement of sources and methods, the author devotes a second chapter to the analysis of the *curricula* of one hundred and six small high schools "to determine statistically what the actual curricular practices are. . . ." Thirty-three tables illustrated by six diagrams are given to warrant the conclusion that the small high schools of Maine are dominated by the traditional college subjects and that the larger proportion of the *curricula* is of the classical, or academic, type.

A third chapter reviews in true present-day fashion, the educational objectives as formulated by the national commission for the reorganization of secondary education as well as those of Spencer, Bobbitt, Koos, and Uhl. It is to be regretted that these general statements have been repeated in so many studies. A careful review of the plan of Condorcet, the great liberal thinker of the eighteenth century in France, would offer much more concrete material for the *curricula* desired for the making of citizens. The last twelve pages of the third chapter offer recommendations which are based for the most part upon the principles quoted from the authors

listed in the first part of the chapter. This again is in harmony with present-day practice.

The value of the study would have been much greater if certain communities or towns, taken as concrete examples, had been thoroughly investigated and their interests, needs, and capacities had been made the basis of the recommendations. It is well to know what is being done in Nebraska or New York, but a recommendation of the same procedure elsewhere, without regard to the peculiar needs of that section of the country and a knowledge of its history, leaves much to be desired.

To those of us who have studied and taught in these small high schools and who, as superintendents, have tried to adapt the *curricula* to the needs of a certain community, the suggestion that the work of the college preparatory group, as well as that of the home economics group, be carried on informally in addition to the regular *curricula*, seems rather impractical. Two additional recommendations are suggestive: that teachers be more thoroughly trained in subject matter, and in knowledge of the history of the state of Maine.

AVA HARRIET CHADBOURNE.

Sailing Days on the Penobscot. The River and Bay as they were in the Old Days. By George S. Wasson. *With a Record of Vessels Built there.* Compiled by Lincoln Colcord. (Salem: Marine Research Society, 1932. Illustrated. Pp. xiv, 465. $5.00.)

This is the book that some of us have been longing for: a maritime history of the Penobscot region of Maine, written by a master hand. For over fifty years George S. Wasson wintered on the river and summered at Isle au Haut, watching the passing pageant of shipping in the days when Bangor was the premier lumber-shipping port of America, salting away in his memory the vessels and masters and mariners, with their customs and superstitions, and manner of speech. His work is that of an intellect disciplined to truth, trained in expression,

and steeped in the peculiar lore and wisdom of the sea. The river and its tricky navigation, the ship-building that went on along its shores, the amphibious breed of "cow-yard seamen" who manned the lumber-schooners, the pinkys, Johnny wood-boats, and Friendship sloops, are all described with a sharp northwest vividness; but there is a touch of southerly softness in the affectionate humor of Mr. Wasson's comments. This introduction is the finest piece of American marine literature that has appeared since Captain Clark's *Clipper Ship Era*. And the chapters on Isle au Haut, with its fishermen, and smugglers, and wreckers, and the "rote" of surf and fog-mulls, is the best description of that distinctive and now extinct coast culture of New England[1] that has appeared since President Eliot's *John Gilley*.

Unfortunately, Mr. Wasson did not live to see this volume through the press. Lincoln Colcord, son of a Searsport shipmaster, and himself no ordinary seaman, undertook to compile the list of Penobscot-built vessels. With great persistence and ingenuity he has exhumed mouldering files in the now idle custom-houses from Belfast up to Bangor, and down the bay as far as Blue Hill and Swan's Island; and in spite of many gaps in the records, has obtained the names, dimensions, builders, and owners of over 2,000 sea-going vessels. Whenever possible he adds particulars as to the vessel's employment and her often tragic fate. Each section is prefaced by a too brief historical introduction; a longer one, on the ship-building industry of the region as a whole, is promised shortly to readers of the NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY. Another desired addition would be the records of the Frenchman's Bay district, which are kept at Ellsworth. But as it is, this book, beautifully printed and lavishly illustrated with photographs and sketches, is worth many times its price to any lover of the Maine coast and of the old sailing days. It is a most fitting memorial to that fine old gentleman, scholar, and master mariner, George S. Wasson.

S. E. MORISON.

[1] NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY, I (July, 1928), 396.

Colonial Studies in the United States During the Twentieth Century. By Lowell Joseph Ragatz. (London: Arthur Thomas. 1932. Pp. 48.)

This is a separate publication of a paper contributed to the *Congrès International d'Histoire Coloniale* held at Paris in 1931, also printed in the official volume of proceedings. It consists of a twenty-page introduction to a twenty-eight-page bibliography. The latter will doubtless be of utility to some one, although it is of exceedingly miscellaneous composition; the former is a singular piece of bombast. One learns that colonial history was "studied after a fashion before 1900," when "the antiquarian approach" and "smug, self-righteous New England influence" distorted the vision, but that now "twentieth century concepts" and "the triumph of the so-called new, or integral history" have set matters right (1-2). This species of self-congratulation in which the contemporary Ph.D. delights to indulge not infrequently leads straight to nonsense; as when the author writes: "When exclusively political narratives of European affairs were cast aside and social, economic, and cultural factors were given their proper share of attention, the importance of the spread of occidental peoples in shaping western civilization became readily apparent" (2). Has he never heard of Sir John Seeley or Admiral Mahan? He applauds the virtue of regarding "colonial history as imperial rather than local," but makes no attempt in his bibliography to distinguish between works embodying these diverse attitudes. Why either should be proscribed, I can not imagine. In his judgment of authors and books he is lavish with superlatives: "superbly written," "masterpiece," "brilliant," fly about, and sometimes land on very astonishing subjects, which it would be invidious to particularize. As for the pontifical declaration that Professor R. L. Schuyler has completely overthrown the thesis of Professor McIlwain's *American Revolution* and permanently settled the question, there are still, I think, two opinions. Incidentally, A. H. Basye's "Secretary of State for the Colonies" is not a "treatise" (11), but a brief article; the author is presumably thinking of Basye's *Board of Trade, 1748-1782.*

DONALD H. MUGRIDGE.

New Letters of James Russell Lowell. Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. (New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1932. Pp. 364. $4.00.)

These letters, covering the entire span of Lowell's life, re-emphasize his significance as a man of affairs and of literature in his own day, and quicken in us again, as when we read his previously published correspondence, that sense of his deep vitality and almost frightening excitement about life. Eminent names dot the pages of the new letters, and there are suggestive glimpses of Lowell reading and writing. Yet all this we knew and saw before; it has become the custom to echo his own rueful remark, as he considered his relatively slight output in poetry: "Too many thoughts and too little *thought.*" He was conscious — read some of his later poems and, in particular, his "Winter Evening Hymn to My Fire" — that his immense activity in the world had dampened his poetic fires. The picture, as relimned in these pages, still remains that of a nineteenth-century man of letters, distracted by endless human interests. The importance, then, of this new, valuable collection must be chiefly in the intensely personal record, in some of the letters, of the deepest feelings of his nature. His letters to his sister-in-law concerning his bereavement in the death of his first wife are harrowing even now, and the affectionate records of his love for his daughter are priceless testimonials to his essential self. Mr. Howe says wisely that the dwindling of Lowell's fame as a poet is due partly to his insistence, like the other New England poets, on underlying moral convictions. Lowell himself, always self-critical, observed in "A Fable for Critics":

> The top of the hill he'll ne'er come nigh reaching
> Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching.

Yet it is this very acceptance of principles for life which dignifies the experience reflected in these letters. Though infinitely curious about all aspects of human endeavour, he was never really moved from his citadel. Call it faith, Puritanism, conservatism, what you will — this inner attitude was his strength, for though inquisitive about all skepticisms, he might well have said: "On that other side, am I."

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

General Gage's Informers: New Material upon Lexington and Concord; Benjamin Thompson as Loyalist and the Treachery of Benjamin Church, Jr. By Allen French. (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press. 1933. Pp. xiii, 206. $2.50.)

In this book, teeming with new evidence unearthed largely from the mass of material that has recently come into the possession of the Clements Library at Ann Arbor, Mr. French succeeds in proving that Benjamin Church and Benjamin Thompson, better known as Count Rumford, must be included in the list of General Gage's informers. The militant revolutionists are thus vindicated in their harsh repudiation of the one and their persistent suspicions of the other. Not that the two men stand in the same category. Church was clearly an unprincipled person who was impelled by financial circumstances to accept pay from both sides; Thompson, on the other hand, was doubtless a loyalist at heart and believed the "true interests" of America would be better served by the king than by the mob. He probably had no more faith in democracy at twenty-one than he had at fifty years of age. He believed in the rule of the many by the few, and was probably in hearty accord with that mob-ridden Cambridge tory who proclaimed that he would rather be governed by one man three thousand miles away than by three thousand men one mile away.

It is possible, though not proved, that, had he owned no land subject to confiscation, he might have declared himself at the outset for what he was, but when he decided to maintain sham relations with his embattled neighbors he found it advisable to use sympathetic ink and possibly two styles of handwriting in communicating with Boston. So if he was persecuted, it was not without reason. He made his way finally to Boston, where he belonged, and abandoned America for ever when he sailed to Halifax with the troops. But he did not forget his country in the days of his prosperity, and she still profits by his benefactions. Mr. French presents his case against Church and Thompson with fairness and ability, and his chapters make excellent reading.

The new evidence regarding Concord and Lexington will make further researches in this field superfluous. The events of the 19th of April are now as intelligible as those of Bull Run. In this volume will be found the reports or letters of four of the eight officers who served at the north bridge, including the report of Captain Laurie, who found himself in command. Here also are an important supplementary letter of Smith to Gage and the long missing report of Major Pitcairn, that "good man in a bad cause." There is no longer any place in history for the old-time Lexington legends. The troops received no order to fire, but repeated warnings not to do so; those smooth volleys from well-dressed lines as portrayed by Doolittle were never fired. Not only was the fire "scattering" and unauthorized, but the officers did not succeed in wholly suppressing it until Smith rode up with the Grenadiers. In the terseness of Pitcairn's confession, we catch a hint of his exasperation.

As an experienced writer of stories, Mr. French frequently laments the lack of picturesqueness in the statements of his witnesses, but after all mere facts have their uses, and, thanks to him, we have them here in full measure for the benefit of all whom they may concern. HAROLD MURDOCK.

Selected Essays 1917-1932. By T. S. Eliot. (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1932. Pp. 415. $3.50.)

In Mr. Eliot's essays we note the evolution of the attitudes which he himself summarized as Classicism, Royalism, and Anglo-Catholicism. His poetry, in general, not only shows fewer traces of this development but because of its wilfulness of style and its indulgent self-expression can most justly be described as decadent romanticism. The mind of the essayist and the mind of the poet are uncongenial to each other, and it may be surmised that this spectacle of a mind divided against itself, rather than the work it produces, is the cause of Mr. Eliot's vogue with a generation similarly disorganized.

The *Waste Land* shows us a spirit frustrated by the world it inhabits and beating in vain against the doors of the past into which it would escape. In the essays, the escape has been made, and now the spirit is at home among the mighty dead whom alone it considers worthy of regard. The uncertainty of the poems is displaced by an assurance which sometimes becomes dogmatism. Yet there is nothing here to cause dissension among contemporary writers. The controversial note is one, rather, to arouse the professional scholars. Whoever takes sides will be amid a battle of ghosts. The present reviewer delightedly agreed that "after the erection of the Chinese Wall of Milton, blank verse has suffered not only arrest but retrogression." He considered other *obiter dicta*—the attacks on Pater, for example—childish and in questionable taste. But except for the mental stimulation of alternate bravos and boos, which, were they to be expanded, would result merely in a series of learned articles, nothing happened. There is, in Mr. Eliot's criticism, a dignified refusal to run a channel through from the seas of the past to the angry flux of the present. Interesting and informed as are his enthusiasms and his hates, they might well be regarded as applying to some literature in a tongue no longer used.

Considering the essays on the Elizabethans, the manly and sensible tributes to Dryden and Marvell, one is regretful to withhold full praise. The essay on Blake provides one with a number of pleasant jolts; and an anti-Milton temperament is again titillated to read that "Milton's celestial and infernal regions are large but insufficiently furnished apartments filled by heavy conversation"; but as a whole, the essay succumbs to authoritarian thesis. Blake is an over-rated poet, if you will, but one shudders to imagine his prophetic books re-written in the terms of Catholic mythology. The essay on Swinburne is a large inflation of the familiar truth that Swinburne's world was a world of words. "Thoughts after Lambeth," with the almost pathetic earnestness of the convert, deals with points of doctrine less important, perhaps, to a world in agony than to one who has turned his

back on that world. And finally we applaud in "The Function of Criticism" the insistence on tradition in the arts. But again, as the essay, which is admittedly rambling, continues, we are irritated to read that "the French in the year 1600 had already a more mature prose" (than the English). If the glories of the Elizabethan translations are merely the bloom of adolescence, one might wish that English prose had been spared the French influence that, in the eighteenth century, brought it to arid maturity.

But this review must close. It would be impudent, were it not largely significant, to speak of Mr. Eliot's expatriation. The geographical fact, however, is a symbol of that homelessness which obsessed his mind for so long and at last caused him to grip faiths which more natural minds may take for granted. All the writers whom he most admires elbowed their way eagerly through the hurly-burly of their time. Had they been of his cast of mind, Mr. Eliot would have had no subject-matter for his distinguished prose.

ROBERT HILLYER.

The Orient in American Transcendentalism: A Study of Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott. By Arthur Christy. (New York: Columbia University Press. 1932. Pp. xix, 382. $4.00.)

A strong case for viewing certain Emersonian ideas as Vedantic Hinduism is made by Arthur Christy in his recently-published book, *The Orient in American Transcendentalism.* Thoreau and Alcott are also treated in this study, the former emerging as a Yankee Yogi, the latter as a propagandist of Oriental thought. Not least important is the appendix on *Books and Marginalia*, the result of much faithful labor, which enumerates the volumes read by the three leading transcendentalists, the dates of reading, the passages from which was drawn direct or indirect inspiration.

Although the bulk of the work deals with Emerson, the section on Thoreau is more specifically convincing, probably

because the abstractions of Eastern philosophies and the diversities of Emersonian eclecticism do not readily fall into a straightforward argument. But the details of Emerson's debt to Indian scriptures, as well as to the less-used Chinese and Persian writings, are impressively assembled. The relations between Indian Karma and Emersonian compensation, between Indian Maya and Emersonian illusion are established without over-zealousness. So workable is Mr. Christy's thesis that when he comes to the interpretation of Emerson's avowedly most unintelligible poem, "Brahma," the reader finds the verses immediately comprehensible as a studied expression of that Hinduism which has been set forth so admirably in the preceding pages.

Mr. Christy's *apologia* for Emerson's compensation is unnecessarily obsequious. He assumes that few followers or readers of Emerson subscribe to that doctrine, and regards it as a vulnerable point in Emersonian optimism, without acknowledging that the tenet is common to most philosophies and religions, whether they teach compensation in this life or another. The argument of Seneca might be weighed effectively against the flippant criticism of Mr. Erskine. Again, some readers will object to Mr. Christy's identification of Christianity with Calvinism. In his frequent comparisons between Oriental and Christian beliefs, should he not occasionally allow the scholastic philosophers to speak for Christianity, instead of falling back on the Calvinistic formula, with which (after all) only a small part of Christendom was ever in sympathy? Finally, in a passing reference to Dante (116), Mr. Christy commits an affront to those who see not pessimism, but pure idealism, in Dante's stilnovistic neo-Platonism.

The Orient in American Transcendentalism adds substantially to our understanding of Emerson's thought; it gives, on the whole, the best explanation, to date, of Thoreau the recluse; and it squares a long-owed debt to Amos Bronson Alcott. To a task full of difficulties, Mr. Christy has brought scholarship, judgment, and a fortunate gift of style.

LEONARD B. BEACH.

The March of Democracy. Volume II. *From Civil War to World Power.* By James Truslow Adams. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. Pp. 438. Illustrated. $3.50.)

The jacket of this second volume of Mr. Adams's popular narrative, which extends from the election of Lincoln to that of Franklin D. Roosevelt, bears the somewhat ominous inscription: "This concludes *The March of Democracy.*" But though a little bewildered, like the rest of us, by recent developments, the author has no intention of announcing the disbandment of the many divisions of the democratic parade. He might, perhaps, be less bewildered if he had paid less attention to our numerous brass bands and drum-majors, and more to our usually, but not always, docile rank-and-file. In the decades since the Civil War there are many incidents painful to relate — most of which are handled by Mr. Adams with a candor so uncompromising as to endanger the validity of his interpretative conclusions in *The Epic of America.* In his panorama of national development, New England as a section receives scant attention; among individuals he has only abuse for the "wild bunkum" of the "negrophile" Sumner, and little admiration either for the "imperialist" Lodge or the "singularly ordinary and commonplace mind" of Coolidge. His statement (153) that Yale inaugurated post-graduate work leading to the higher degrees "for the first time in America in 1871" is inexact. Yale announced in its catalogue for 1847 the establishment of a department of philosophy and the arts for graduate study, and conferred the degree of doctor of philosophy on three men in 1861. Separate graduate schools were not organized until 1872, and then at Yale and Harvard simultaneously. What chiefly distinguishes this latest product of Mr. Adams's industry from the multitude of popularized versions of American history is its profusion of excellent illustrations, some two hundred and fifty in all, which both match and supplement the liveliness of the text.

HAROLD A. LARRABEE.

The Presbyterian Churches and the Federal Union, 1861-1869. By Lewis G. Vander Velde. (Cambridge: Harvard Historical Studies. 1932. Pp. xiii, 575. $5.00.)

"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" is a Biblical injunction which has always proved exceedingly embarrassing to honest champions of organized religion in times of national crisis. A generation which still remembers vividly the rôle of the churches in the World War, when most of the temples dedicated to the holy cause of the Prince of Peace became recruiting stations, and pulpits were the *rostra* for four-minute speakers bent on making the world safe for democracy, will have no difficulty in understanding that organized religion passed through a similar crisis during the Civil War. Most churches split on the rock of secession and abolitionism. The shifting attitudes and the experiences of the various Presbyterian churches in the sectional crisis of the 1860's is the theme of Dr. Vander Velde's scholarly volume, and it should be said at once that he has developed the story with insight and understanding, and that he has exploited the sources to the complete satisfaction of modern Ph.D. standards. His study brings out clearly the interplay of ecclesiastical and political history during the period from 1861 to 1869, and although limited to the experiences of a single denominational unit, the account is important also as a cross-section of American public opinion during the Civil War and the early reconstruction period.

In 1837 the Presbyterian Church had split on matters of doctrine and organization into old school and new school Presbyterians. The new school group was predominantly a northern church, Puritan and anti-slavery, distinctly Yankee in its personnel, and so tinged with Congregationalism that its system of church polity was ironically called "Presbygational." "Its New England traditions precluded any hesitancy about pulpit and Assembly discussion of political affairs of moment," and when the Civil War came, the new school church unhesitatingly assumed the rôle of political advisor to the United States government. The old school group, on the other hand, was steeped in Scotch-Irish Presbyterian traditions; it had over

a third of its strength in the South; in fact it was the largest Protestant body in 1860 with appreciable strength in both North and South. In 1818 its general assembly had declared slavery "utterly inconsistent with the law of God," but by 1845 the same body was ready to argue that domestic slavery should not be a "bar to Christian communion." In addition to these major groups, there were the Cumberland Presbyterians, strong as a border-state church, and three other minor groups. That the events of 1861 constituted a crisis for the Presbyterian churches, and that the various groups reacted differently to the secession and anti-slavery movements, was perhaps to be expected on the assumption that political geography usually has been more powerful than Christian doctrine.

Dr. Vander Velde traces the experiences of each group with meticulous care, not only by analyzing the action of the annual assemblies, but through a detailed study of the utterances of church periodicals, local presbyteries, and the occupants of influential pulpits. A small group of ministers clung tenaciously to the principle of pulpit silence on political matters; one leader called abolitionism "an atheistic humanitarianism" leading to apostasy in other things; and the presbyteries of the border states passed through a special crisis, and eventually found their way into the southern Presbyterian Church which had split off from the old school group practically along the geographical boundary between the Confederacy and the Union. The annual general assemblies of the old school church moved steadily forward from a position in 1861 pledging support to the Union, and remaining silent on emancipation, to an aggressively unionist policy and opposition to slavery by 1864. By 1866 the old school church was entirely northern; it had lost its southern wing beyond hope of recovery, and its position on political questions had become substantially identical with the new school group. Four years of war reduced religious bickering to secondary importance and provided opportunities for real coöperation in war work; the loss of the border state churches and the abandonment of hope for a recovery of the southern churches, all helped to make a reunion of the old and new school easier. By 1869 the gap between the major Pres-

byterian groups was closed; the minor churches resolved to go their independent way.

Dr. Vander Velde has used a mass of materials, listed in a seventeen-page bibliography, to present an exhaustive, but clear analysis of all the various forms of logic-chopping resorted to in defining the relation of church and state during a national crisis, and he has traced with the greatest care the steps leading first to disruption and then to a reunion of the major Presbyterian groups.

Were the memories of recent unhappy days not so vivid, the present generation might be somewhat disturbed by the numerous attacks on ministers who refused to pray for the success of the armies in the Civil War, or who objected to raising the national flag over church buildings. It occurred apparently to only one Presbyterian minister to suggest a possible inconsistency between the spirit of the Gospels and prayers for a smashing and bloody victory, and he would hardly have qualified as a modern pacifist. The discussion of cases of "disloyalty," and the chapter on "Presbyterian Patriotism in Practice" are among the most interesting sections of the book.

CARL WITTKE.

Louisbourg Journals, 1745. Edited by Louis Effingham de Forest. (New York: Society of Colonial Wars in the State of New York. 1932. Pp. xvii, 253. Illustrated. $2.00.)

New England's comic Iliad, the siege of Louisbourg in 1745, is a subject of perennial interest. In this volume the Society of Colonial Wars has printed nine journals of New England soldiers and sailors and a memoir written shortly after the event by Colonel John Bradstreet, together with a useful list of the fleet both royal and provincial, a sheaf of unpublished letters of Commodore Peter Warren, contemporary newspaper accounts of the capture and the celebration in Boston and New York, and a bibliography of all known journals by participants on the English side. None has been printed before, and the original of one has disappeared since the society wisely secured a copy.

These journals do not add anything important to Parkman's classic account of the siege, or Senator McLellan's monumental history of Louisbourg. Their value is rather social: in the unconscious picture that they give of mid-century New Englanders. One of the nine diarists is an incorrigible grouser and grumbler, of a type found in all armies. Chaplain Williams is chiefly concerned with the disease and death that followed victory. The rest are all cut from the same cloth: pious, superstitious if you will, copying the texts and appraising the quality of their chaplains' sermons, yet ready for a drunken frolic; undisciplined to a dangerous degree, but invincible when well led; healthy and happy while out-doors and fighting, but mutinous and sickly when confined to barracks and garrison duty; performing what seemed to the French incredible feats of ingenuity and strength, cheerfully facing death in its cruelest form from Indian enemies; cursing the "Scoundellous french Dogs they Dare not Stay to fite," but fraternizing with them after the victory, and returning home convinced they could lick the world.

S. E. Morison.

American Literature: 1880-1930. By A. C. Ward. (New York: The Dial Press. 1932. Pp. 273. $2.50.)

This study of American literature by an English writer reverses the method of the stock histories by making our writings of the past a brief overture to the modern age, which has been the chief concern of Mr. Ward's investigations and critical judgments. He refuses to regard twentieth-century literature as a rather unstable and deceptive epilogue to nineteenth-century literature, but boldly evaluates it as the culmination and crown of these dustier, feebler periods in which the protagonists were Cooper, Poe, Walt Whitman, or Mark Twain. He is forced, therefore, to condense the entire story of our literature to 1880 within the compass of ninety pages or to about one-third of his short volume. The inevitable result is some generalizations which we, on this side of the Atlantic, now extremely self-conscious and analytical about complex cur-

rents in this past, are bound to think too simple. As we read the sections called "The Incubus," "Towards Liberation," "Three Voices," "The Relapse," and "Transition" we challenge a number of these pronouncements, unqualified, presumably, by lack of space: "Emerson delayed more than he promoted the independent development of the American genius in poetry and prose and did little to lift the incubus of Europeanism"; or the list of writers, including Emerson and Hawthorne, who created "a voluminous echo-literature." This is over-simplification of a complicated pattern.

Nevertheless, it is difficult to see how any one else could have disposed of two and three-quarters centuries of writing within the allotted space more skillfully. The brief studies of Poe's relation to American thought, of Whitman's "universal voice," and in particular, of the connection of his loud yawp with Emily Dickinson's still small voice of the spirit—a stimulating theory of complementary values—are admirable. Moreover, in the fifty years, which form the backbone of Mr. Ward's study, his work contrasts markedly with some of the criticism of modern literature which regards apparently the contemporary novel and poetry as miraculous trees with roots in the air. The prologue tells us where the roots of Sinclair Lewis or Carl Sandburg were, and Mr. Ward never forgets to show us that the strange, multifarious blossoms of to-day, spring, after all, from this past. Of such perspective in the criticism of modern literature we can not have too much. Apart from this principle of growth, which this capable little volume emphasizes, Mr. Ward's judgments on particular writers are almost always provocative and trenchantly expressed. If these parts of the book are, possibly, too catalogic, too eager to be inclusive of every name, the qualities, nevertheless, of Ernest Hemingway or John Dos Passos or Eugene O'Neill stand out with refreshing distinctness. The volume is to be commended as a singularly enlightening enchiridion for the student of modern American literature who regards the new dazzling heroes of fiction and poetry as humbly related, despite their spangles and shrill trumpetings, to the past.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

Susanna Haswell Rowson, the Author of Charlotte Temple. *A Bibliographical Study*. By R. W. G. Vail. (Worcester, Massachusetts: The American Antiquarian Society. 1933. Reprinted from the *Proceedings* of the Society for April, 1932. Pp. 116.)

Mr. Vail, librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, has done an admirable piece of work in his bibliography of the writer of this early best-seller, which he modestly estimates to have been read by a quarter- to a half-million persons in America. Although *Charlotte* was written and published in England, all but nine of its 161 "located editions" were published in the United States, the scene of its greatest popularity. Mr. Vail's bibliography lists and describes 145 separately-published editions, of which the Antiquarian Society possesses the extraordinary total of ninety. The titles of these and of Mrs. Rowson's other works are accompanied with bibliographical data and comment, the names of the libraries in which each work or edition is to be found, and contemporary reviews from the *Monthly* and the *Critic*, and criticisms of her plays from American newspapers. A notable feature is the inclusion of Mrs. Rowson's printed songs, never before listed.

The introduction includes an adequate brief biography, stressing Mrs. Rowson's activities as an actress and a song writer, hitherto only lightly touched by Nason. Useful lists of biographical sources, references in contemporary book-lists to her novels, and the parts she played on the stage are also given. The frontispiece is a previously-unpublished miniature of the novelist, which looks just as she ought to look.

There are very few errors of omission or inaccurate statement. A probable performance of Mrs. Rowson's *Americans in England* on September 25, 1799, has been overlooked. The importance of American elements in her work is perhaps overstressed, for most of it which is significant was done before her second visit to America; and it is doubtful whether her dependence upon her own experiences as subject-matter justifies her being called a realist in fiction. William Rowson does not actually drop out of sight after 1830. He married again and lived in Boston until 1842. William Cobbett's attack upon

Mrs. Rowson was probably not due to the fact that she was not a native American, but that being a native Englishwoman, she identified herself so thoroughly with American patriotic points of views.

MILTON ELLIS.

Ireland and Irish Emigration to the New World from 1815 to the Famine. By William Forbes Adams. (New Haven: Yale University Press. 1932. Pp. vii, 444. $4.00.)

Irish emigration and "the famine" are so intimately associated in the popular mind that it is enlightening to have a study that closes instead of begins with that great disaster. Between 1815 and 1845 a million Irish emigrated, and Dr. Adams proves that an understanding of their migration is worthwhile in itself and that their presence in America alone made possible the great exodus that followed.

Chapters two to five analyze the ebb and flow, using newspapers, parliamentary papers and the excellent manuscript ordnance surveys. The close of the Napoleonic Wars witnessed a wave that established the New Brunswick timber route and interested shipping in human cargoes. "Seven lean years" (1819-26) followed but in the thirties an unprecedented current brought into being the "passenger trade" and captured the American labor market. A lull in the early forties consolidated the Irish position. In explaining these fluctuations the author emphasizes British factors. The decline after 1819 he ascribes to better times in Ireland and the higher cost of passage due to stricter shipping regulations, minimizing the effects of the contemporary depression; and the outpouring of the thirties was caused by political disorders, estate consolidation and cheaper rates following the modification of the passenger acts. But this interpretation can not be accepted until it is explained why the continental emigration, although subject to different conditions, should follow a pattern very similar to that of the Irish.

Three chapters deal with general features. The first is a description of the island in 1815. The sixth chapter outlines British governmental policy towards emigration with a com-

pleteness more than necessary and the last, "Fruits of Emigration," sums up the results of the movement. This discussion, although long, is sketchy. It is impossible to appraise the experience of an immigrant group on the basis of travellers' comments and similar materials. The opinions of observers must be balanced against immigrant opinion. If the author had searched the *Boston Pilot* and the New York *Freeman's Journal* as he has the *Belfast News Letter* and the *Londonderry Journal* the results would undoubtedly have been worthy of the same high commendation.

MARCUS L. HANSEN.

Recollections of the Last Ten Years. By Timothy Flint. Edited, with an introduction, by C. Hartley Grattan. Reprinted in Americana Deserta Series, edited by Bernard De Voto. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. Pp. xix, 380. $3.50.)

The reprinting of Timothy Flint's *Recollections of the Last Ten Years* has brought out of treasure rooms a valuable source of the history of the Mississippi Valley. This book, first published in 1826, treats of the years between 1815 and 1825. Its author was sent by the missionary society of Connecticut to labor in the region in which Peter Cartwright's devil-dislodging powers were transforming sinners into "shining and shouting" Methodists. Flint was of the "home-manufactured" class of clergymen, who were scarcely more pleasing to Cartwright than the "watery regiment" of Baptists and Campbellites. His mission to the West began in 1815, the year following the publication by the missionary society of Connecticut of a report of John F. Schermerhorn and Samuel J. Mills, who in 1812-1813 had surveyed the western country "with regard to religion and morals," and had found it deficient in respect of "correct principles" and Presbyterian churches.

But though Flint entered the West as a religious emissary from New England, his volume of recollections is much more than an account of religion and morals in the Great Valley. It is the story of a forming society, for the future of which he

held high hopes. Of the crudeness of the frontier Flint was not unmindful, but unlike superficial observers he appreciated the better side of pioneer life. Before he wrote the *Recollections* he had travelled widely in the Great Valley, had endured the rigors of pioneering, had earned the right to interpret the West to the East. It is as the best contemporary spokesman for the men of the western waters that Timothy Flint deserves to be remembered.

Because accuracy of reproduction is the chief test of the value of a reprinted book, it is proper to remark that a comparison of many pages of the new edition of the *Recollections* with the corresponding pages of the original has disclosed only one deviation, and that of slight importance. The new edition is printed in readable type, and the format of the book is pleasing. Mr. Grattan's introduction is concise and informative.

J. Orin Oliphant.

The Three Jameses, A Family of Minds. By C. Hartley Grattan. (New York: Longmans, Green. 1932. Pp. 373. $3.50.)

Grattan's book is neither poor nor yet first-rate. It is the product of a practised journalist who knows how to set about the work of book-making. As his appended bibliographical notes show, he has pretty well mastered the "literature," already vast, of his subject. He has read, too, the standard historical-sociological and sociological-literary and psychological-critical books of the day: "For background in general see Beard's *Rise of American Civilization*. . . ." "For the general intellectual background see V. L. Parrington's volumes"; for literature, *Axel's Castle* and Peterson's *Melody of Chaos*. In fashion more workmanlike than subtle, Grattan combines, in his sketch of each of his three heroes, the biographical and the critical; and at appropriate points in his chronicle, he pauses for a section of "background" or of generalization.

The strength of the book lies in its early chapters. As Grattan asserts, his is the "first organized account of William James the First [of Albany, the millionaire founder of the

dynasty] in print"; and, too, his account of Henry James, Senior, son of William I and father of William II and Henry II, is "the first extended study of the subject in biographical form." Grattan deserves especial commendation for his respectful and even sympathetic treatment of the elder Henry James, who could so easily be made to appear the eccentric he really (beneath his whimsical extravagances of language) was not.

Far less happy is the treatment of the two illustrious Jameses of the next generation. There Grattan invites comparison with a whole company of perceptive exegetes and acute critics: the Jameses have been strikingly fortunate in their interpreters. He does not add to our stock of facts, and his criticism lacks direction, focus, point. He says many intelligent things by the way, yet quite as often he makes a palpably wild shot: he needs always to be read *with caution*, and he is unable to make anything of his subject as a whole.

This lack of an integrated view is everywhere apparent, albeit particularly in the "Epilogue." What had the Jameses in common? What can we say about this "family of minds" which will reveal their consanguinity of intellect? Grattan can not help us to more than a few generalizations so vague and so ambiguously worded as to be useless. What did this "family of minds" represent in American life? Grattan does not attempt an answer. Nor does he pretend to any assurance in detecting a Jamesian contribution (or even the contributions of particular Jameses) to contemporary literature and thought.

What Grattan has given us is, in effect, a convenient handbook of Jamesiana, assembling brief biographies, expositions of William's ideas and his father's, and analytical summaries of Henry's novels (a work already done by Pelham Edgar); he has not succeeded in what appears to have been his intention —a critical interpretation of a family whose minds sustained significant relations to one another. He has not discerned the *essentially Jamesian*—his "figure in the carpet."

AUSTIN WARREN.

SHORT NOTICES

Emily Dickinson Face to Face. By Martha Dickinson Bianchi. (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1932. Pp. 283. $3.50.)

In Mme. Bianchi's new book on Emily Dickinson we find, and are grateful for, hitherto unpublished letters of Miss Dickinson and new information concerning her family background and her life. One result of the bitter warfare — so apparent to all observers and so seldom mentioned publicly — which has for years been waged between the rival editors of Miss Dickinson's work, has been that as the struggle reached its climax both sides disgorged a deal of material which previously they had withheld. Besides its stimulation to rival disclosures of new material, the controversy has resulted in dust clouds which have so obscured the poet that it is unlikely we shall ever behold Emily Dickinson "face to face" unless we apply ourselves solely to her own writings. In passing we might add that the atmosphere was by no means cleared by the two irresponsible biographers from outside who attempted, detective-wise, to identify the shy poet's phantom lover. Mme. Bianchi as the last surviving member of Emily Dickinson's immediate family has full right to the scorn she feels for these ill-considered biographical attempts. On the other hand, it is inevitable that she should suffer from the limitations, as well as the advantages, of her position. The present book does not definitively clear up the issues which have been raised during the past few years by the various controversialists. The task which still remains to be done will have to wait until every scrap of Emily Dickinson's manuscript is produced for impartial and scholarly editing.

R. H.

A Frontier Lady: Recollections of the Gold Rush and Early California. By Sarah Royce. Foreword by Katharine Royce. Edited, with an introduction, by Ralph Henry Gabriel. (New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press. 1932. Pp. xiv, 144. Outline map. $2.00.)

A Frontier Lady is a contribution to a growing literature of the gold rush of 1849 and an addition to the body of materials for a social history of California. But it is more than that. It is a document which reveals the character and the religious faith of the mother of Josiah Royce. Written for Royce at his request, without thought of publication, it is of the nature of an intimate revelation of mother to son. Its value to the student of Royce's philosophy is editorially suggested by introducing each section with a quotation from the writings of the former Harvard professor.

J. O. O.

A Goodly Heritage. By Mary Ellen Chase. (New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1932. Pp. 298. $3.00.)

This book, though primarily a collection of autobiographical chapters dealing with the life through college years of an unusually intense, imaginative, and bookish girl, told with a delightful flavor of intimate reminiscence, has also a larger and more significant aspect. It gives a clear picture of certain phases of life in a Maine sea-coast village which contributed more than its share of nineteenth century sea-captains, among them the author's grandfather, a man of numerous and exciting adventures.

It happens that no adequate history of Blue Hill has been written, so that the local historical material in *A Goodly Heritage* is the more welcome. Particularly interesting is the sketch of the character and career of the first minister in the town, the Reverend Jonathan Fisher, who during the fifty-one years of his pastorate wielded almost the authority of a seventeenth-century Calvinist divine. Thrifty, resourceful, and versatile beyond even the tradition of the Yankee, eschewing both overcoat and underwear, and vying with Thoreau in the ex-

tent of his travels on foot, he imposed upon the better families of the community through his own erudition a veneration and zest for learning that has characterized some of their descendants for generations.

The influence of religion, of the seafaring tradition, of a self-dependent ancestry, and of the village academy are given their respective credit in the shaping of the girl's career. Though it is doubtful whether Miss Chase's own development was so typical of New England children as she believes, any one who remembers his upbringing in a similar Maine community will be struck with many reminders of his own early environment and experiences.

M. E.

A History of Bristol, Connecticut. By Epaphroditus Peck. (Hartford, Connecticut: The Lewis Street Bookshop. 1932. Pp. xv, 362. $3.00.)

Fortunately for the town of Bristol, Connecticut, she was not subjected to having her lineage and life set forth during the nineteenth century in that unique literary product which we know as the "town history." Fortunate, because the author of the present volume tells us that this omission prompted him to write such a work and because in this endeavor he has produced a most interesting and valuable book. No one could be better fitted for such a task than Mr. Peck, who has his roots of heredity in Bristol soil. Moreover, his life there, both professional and public, has made him a recognized authority on local affairs. His book is one which any lover of New England and her traditions will enjoy whether or not his peregrinations have extended to that part of Connecticut.

A most interesting chapter on the loyalist, Moses Dunbar, who was executed for treason in 1777, brings out the full drama of that episode. The section devoted to the clock industry will be welcomed by antiquarians as a distinct contribution to the history of that subject. This Bristol industry extends over one hundred and fifty years. It was by means of such local pioneers as Eli Terry, Silas Hoadley, Seth Thomas, and Chauncey

Jerome that the fame of Yankee clock-making became world-wide. Other portions of the book record the history of Bristol's churches, schools, industries, activities in war and peace.

A word may be added concerning the volume as a fine example of the bookmaker's art.

H. T.

The Earliest Summer Residents of the North Shore and their Houses. By Katharine Peabody Loring. (Reprinted from the Essex Institute *Historical Collections*, LXVIII, 1932. Maps and Illustrations.)

In this little pamphlet of sixteen pages, Miss Loring has written of an important social and economic process in New England on which one can as yet find hardly anything in print. She relates the very beginning of a process which transformed the north shore of Massachusetts from a region of small seaside farms almost denuded of trees, to a chain of palatial summer residences set amid woods. The process began in 1844, when Charles C. Paine purchased 101 acres from Isaac Prince, a descendant of the original grantee, for $12,000, a price which so twinged the conscience of the seller that he threw in a yoke of white oxen to square matters. The same land was assessed for over a million dollars in 1931.

S. E. M.

Romantic and Historic Maine. By A. Hyatt Verrill. (New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1933. Pp. xxi, 277. $3.00.)

This should prove an attractive and entertaining book for the casual and credulous tourist, who will not be disturbed by numerous inaccuracies and mis-statements, such as the confusion of Maine with the "Bay Colony," or Belfast Bay and the Passagassawakeag Stream with Castine; the assertion that Maine seceded from Massachusetts in 1816; the clear implication that the wooden church on Indian Island, at Old Town, is the oldest church building in New England; and

the surprising omission of the *Margaretta* sea-fight from the section dealing with Machias. The inside cover design is a map of Maine, showing Bucksport on the wrong side of the Penobscot and Mount Desert situated on the mainland.

M. E.

Comenius in England. The Visit of Jan Amos Komensky (Comenius) the Czech Philosopher and Educationist to London in 1641-42; Its Bearing on the Origins of the Royal Society . . . and on Plans for the Higher Education of the Indians of New England and Virginia. . . . By Robert Fitzgibbon Young. (New York: Oxford University Press. 1932. Illustrated. $3.00.)

In this volume Professor Young has brought together all the studies on Comenius that he has published over a long term of years. Cotton Mather's story of Comenius being approached for the Harvard Presidency is somewhat strengthened by new evidence of the friendship of Comenius with John Winthrop of Connecticut; and by the fact that Professor Golius of Leyden, with whom Winthrop corresponded when in America, was Comenius's host at the Dutch University. And because of the presence in the Harvard College Library of one or two copies of the book, inscribed by Indians, we have concrete evidence that Comenius's *Janua Linguarum* was actually used by native pupils of the Apostle Eliot. Apparently the great Czech philosopher hoped that the Indians of Virginia and New England would be apt subjects for his experiments in progressive education.

The January number of the *Rhode Island Historical Society Collections*, XXVI, No. 1, contains a most valuable article on "Colonial Newport as a Summer Resort," by Carl Bridenbaugh. It appears that Newport was so used by West Indians as early as 1729, and within twenty years the town was already famous as a watering-place. From 1758, when the *Newport Mercury* was founded, one can compile an annual visitors' list. The total was just short of a hundred in the year 1772, one-half the visitors being from Charleston, South Carolina, and

over twenty from Philadelphia and about the same from Jamaica. The season lasted from the first of May into October. A dancing assembly was established, and a pack of hounds, and a race course on the beach.

Through the Hawse-Hole. The True Story of a Nantucket Whaling Captain. By Florence Bennett Anderson. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. Pp. ix, 277. Illustrated. $3.00.)

The novelized biography inaugurated by M. Maurois has apparently come to stay; and if we must accept this hybrid form of literature, let us hope that Miss Anderson's will be a model for those doing New England characters. This story of Captain Seth Pinkham's life is well and honestly done, and founded on a solid substratum of letters and journals. The background is right, the flavor authentic, the speech accurate to a pinch of salt. The atmosphere of Boston in the eighteen-thirties is as successfully conveyed as that of the earlier and simpler days on the island paradise.

S. E. M.

Historic Hampshire in the Connecticut Valley: (Happenings in a charming old New England county from the time of the dinosaur down to about 1900.) By Clifton Johnson. (Springfield, Massachusetts: Milton Bradley Company. 1932. Pp. vi, 406. Illustrations. $2.50.)

Historic Hampshire in the Connecticut Valley aims to cover in one volume the history of the towns in Hampshire County "from the time of the dinosaur down to about 1900." The outcome is a collection of unsorted and badly organized fragments of history and biography in which fact and fiction are not easily distinguished. Of the many illustrations in which the book abounds, only a few have any historical value. As a kind of guide-book to western New England, the casual reader may find this work interesting and readable, but for the historian it has no significance.

V. F. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

NEW YORK CITY,
APRIL 7, 1933.

GENTLEMEN:—

I have just read Mr. Allan Evans's review of my *American Opinion on the Unification of Italy, 1846-1861*, published in the March, 1933, issue of the NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY. The review is so plainly sophomoric in its language and criticism that I would not be writing to you were it not for the respect which I have for your magazine. I am sorry to state that the review is unfair and unjust chiefly because Mr. Evans has clearly shown his lack of appreciation of what I set out to do when I undertook this study.

First of all, I do not know what definition Mr. Evans gives for the word "monograph" since he objects to my use of it on the ground that "this dignity can not be granted to a treatment almost totally devoid of constructive interpretation." The *Century Dictionary* defines "monograph" as follows: "an account or a description of a single thing or class of things; a treatise on a single subject or a single department, division or detail of a branch of study." Please note that nothing is said concerning "constructive interpretation."

The reviewer states that the book has "serious deficiencies," even as a source book. I not only state in the preface on page x that I did not attempt to make an exhaustive study of the various sources of American public opinion from 1846-1861, but I state definitely that "the material offered represents rather, a sampling of such sources; not, perhaps, the best that could be made; but, adequate, he believes, to give a fairly accurate idea of the trend of that opinion."

Mr. Evans considers the organization of the material as "inefficient" because of its chronological arrangement. This seems ridiculous. If it is true that the book suffers because of its chronological arrangement, the reviewer has not convinced the reader that any other arrangement might have given better results.

Mr. Evans would have been fairer in his review if he had criticised the book on the basis of what the author set out to do, rather than on what he thinks should have been done. In the preface I state that my purpose was "to show America's attitude toward the efforts of one people, the Italians, to free themselves from alien rule, and to weld the separate states of their land into a unified kingdom." Substantially the same statement occurs on the first page of the Conclusions (305). There is nothing in the review which shows an intelligent appreciation of this aim.

I understand perfectly that you do not control the opinion of your reviewers, and I think that Mr. Evans was well-intentioned when he wrote the review. But since he misinterpreted my purpose, I think it is only fair to give me the opportunity to correct the impression he has given to your readers by publishing this letter in the next issue of the QUARTERLY.

Very truly yours,
HOWARD H. MARRARO.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
APRIL 18, 1933.

GENTLEMEN:

In reply to Mr. Howard Marraro's letter of April 17, I wish to make the following points:

(1) If it comes to definitions: granted that a monograph is a treatise, then what is a treatise? Webster defines it as "a written composition on a particular subject in which its principles are discussed or explained." It is precisely with respect to the principles of the subject that the reviewer contends this book to be weakest, as will appear below.

(2) The review clearly recognizes that the material could only be in the nature of samples, but samples of what? Of some vague entity to be known as "American Public Opinion," or of the opinions of the various groups, social, political, geographical, religious, racial, intellectual, which constituted the nation? It has always been recognized by historians that the

concept "American" requires a lot of explaining, and if the author has discovered in this research sufficient unanimity of thought to give body to the idea of a national opinion, that is a fact which should have been emphatically announced, not assumed.

(3) Does a reader open a book like this to discover what Americans thought of the battle of Solferino, 1859? If so, he would expect to be guided to this information by the index, not to find the whole arrangement of the material designed to facilitate access to this kind of information alone. The questions which the book should answer, and which it can answer conveniently only by analytical arrangement of material, are such as the following: what was the accuracy of the information, of the reports, upon which American opinion was based; how was the economic motive expressed, from what interests did it arise; what political theories are revealed; what compromise was struck by the nationalities in America between their European sympathies and their American theories; what sympathies were displayed which could be traced to intellectual and artistic interest in Italy; what influence did the religious factor exert? The pity is that the author contemplated these questions, but forces the reader to cover the entire book for a complete answer to any one of them.

(4) In short, the reviewer was fully aware of the purpose of this book to "show . . . the feeling of the American people"; he complains that this feeling, or rather, these feelings, are inefficiently shown, and in a manner most inconvenient to the historian or even to the general reader.

Sincerely yours,

ALLAN EVANS.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF TRAVEL IN MAINE 1783-1861

RICHARD G. WOOD

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Adams, John Quincy: *Bangor Daily Whig and Courier* (September 23, 1840). This item was copied from the Fredericton *Gazette* and traces the route of John Quincy Adams from that point to Houlton in that year.

Alexander, J. E.: *L'Acadie: or, Seven Years' Explorations in British America* (London, 1849), II, 64-70. Probably in the 1840's, from Quebec and Rivière du Loup to Fredericton through Madawaska.

Anonymous: "Editorial Excursion" in the *Eastern Argus* (September 13, 20, 23, 27; October 7, 14, 18, 28, 1825). An account of an expedition from Portland to Bangor *via Belfast* with a return through Augusta.

———— "Memoranda of a Short Tour to Maine" in the *Boston Monthly Magazine* (June, 1826), II, 33-47. 1826. By steamer from Boston to Portland and Bath, returning by stage through Portland and Portsmouth.

Arfwedson, C. D.: *The United States and Canada, in 1832, 1833, and 1834* (London, 1834), I, 189-208. By coach, Boston to Portland and return, 1832.

Asbury, Francis: *The Journal of the Reverend Francis Asbury, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, from August 7, 1771, to December 7, 1815* (New York, 1821), (1) August 17 - September 3, 1793, preaching in Cumberland County; (2) June 29 - July 6, 1802, circuit-riding from Berwick to Lewiston and return; (3) June 3-9, 1806, eastward to Portland with a return through upper York County.

Audubon, J. J.: *Delineations of American Scenery and Character* (New York, 1926), 217-224. In August, 1833, he touched at Eastport, thence to New Brunswick up the St. John; he reëntered Maine near Woodstock and came down to Bangor. Later he touched at Eastport on his way to Labrador.

Barclay, T.: Papers. MSS. in the Maine Historical Society, Box 2, Bundle B, "Extracts from Colin Campbell's Journal." October 19, 1819. "Clear and cold; a few clouds still flying from the north west and the mountains covered with snow. After breakfast set out a third time for the peak of Cathardin. Got to the summit at 12 o'clock, and had a most commanding view in every direction." Leaving the mountain, he visited Norridgewock and Anson.

Baxter, James Phinney: "Reminiscences of a Great Enterprise" in *Collections and Proceedings* of the Maine Historical Society (Portland, 1892). Second Series, III, 247-263. Contains a journal of J. A. Poor describing a journey from Portland to Montreal in February, 1845, to inform the Canadians of a charter granted for a Maine to Canada railway.

Bernard, J.: *Retrospections of America, 1797-1811* (New York, 1887), 304-308. Bernard was an English comedian who played or "lectured" at Portland, Bath, and Wiscasset in 1806. He made $500 on his Maine tour.

Bishop, I. L., (Mrs.): *The Englishwoman in America* (London, 1856), 85-96. Steamer from St. John to Portland touching, 1854, at Eastport; by rail Portland to Boston.

Black, J.: Diaries. MSS. at Woodlawn in Ellsworth, Maine. Although these were intended for statistical reminders, yet some of them are really in the form of travel diaries, *e.g.* (1) "Journeys to Schoodic," occurring in April, 1824; (2) "Memorandum of Journeys Eastward," 1835-1849; (3) "Minutes of Journey to Kennebec," 1827-1837. The title varies (1838-1849) to include Portland or Boston. These were probably written by Colonel Black, for they relate of the administration of the Bingham lands.

Blake, J.: "An Excursion to Mount Katahdin" in *Maine Naturalist*, VI, 71-73, and "A Second Excursion to Mount Katahdin," *Maine Naturalist*, VI, 74-83 (Portland, 1926), (1) 1836. After a partial ascent the party went through the woods to Moosehead Lake; (2) July, 1856. Interested in Alpine flora.

Bosshard, H.: *Zweite Reise. Schildung aus Amerika* (Zürich, 1859), I, 88-108. October-November, 1858. Entered from Megantic and went down the Kennebec.

Anonymous: *Boston Commercial Gazette*, November 6, 1820. "Pedestrious. On Saturday last, 28th ult., a young gentleman started from his residence in Medford, at 3 o'clock in the morning, and arrived at his father's house, in South Berwick, [Maine], at half-past 10 o'clock on the evening of the same day; having travelled *on foot* the distance of *seventy miles*."

Bradman, A.: *A Narrative of the Extraordinary Sufferings of Mr. Robert Forbes, His Wife, and Five Children During an Unfortunate Journey through the Wilderness . . . from Canada to Kennebec River, in the Year 1784: In which Three of their Children were Starved to Death. Taken Partly from their own Mouths, and Partly from an Imperfect Journal; and Compiled at their Request* (Portland, 1791). A reprint appeared in the *Magazine of History* (Tarrytown, 1917). Extra number, No. LVI, 285-296. A tale of woe. Deserted by companions who took all of their supplies except an axe, a gun, and two loaves of bread when eight days out of Canada *via* Chaudière, the Forbes family essayed to reach Norridgewock. Forbes and one son did and sent back two rescue expeditions. The latter found Mrs. Forbes and one child alive, fifty days after her husband had left them.

Buckingham, J. S.: *Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the other British Provinces in North America with a Plan of National Colonization* (London, 1843), 465-477. From Fredericton Buckingham entered Maine at Houlton in 1839, and went down to Bangor by wagon—thence to Portland and Boston by boat.

Buckingham, J. S.: *The Eastern and Western States of America* (London, n.d.), I, 83-242. Probably the autumn of 1841. Boat to Augusta, stage to Bangor, with a return route to Bath, Brunswick, and Portland. Buckingham included historical sketches.

Coffin, G. W.: *Journal of an Excursion made to Bangor and Penobscot river to look after the Trespassers in April and May 1826. Also to Bangor in June to attend Court, to Portland in August, 1826, to Bangor in October, 1826. To Bangor in June, 1827.* MS. in Maine Forestry Commission in Augusta. The first is a lively account of how his party was assaulted by lumbermen led by Colonel Ebenezer Webster at the Old Town boom. The remaining journeys were to attend the successive trials of Webster.

Coffin, P.: "Memoir and Journals of Reverend Paul Coffin, D.D., of Buxton, Maine," in *Collections* of the Maine Historical Society (Portland, 1856), IV, 235-407. Missionary effort to the Sandy River, 1796. Up the Androscoggin, down the Sandy and Kennebec Rivers, 1797. The same general itinerary, 1798 and 1800.

Coke, E. T.: *A Subaltern's Furlough: Descriptive of Scenes in Various Parts of the United States, Upper and Lower Canada, New-Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, during the Summer and Autumn of 1832* (New York, 1833), II, 133-139. October, 1832. St. John to Boston, touching at Eastport. Coke meant to stop at Portland but a storm prevented him. II, 74-94: He had already skirted the other edge of Maine on his route down the St. John River.

Davis, V. H., (Mrs.): *Jefferson Davis, Ex-president of the Confederate States of America. A Memoir* (New York, 1890), I, 584-592. Davis summered at Portland, 1859. Went to Bangor and to Mt. Humback to see triangulation by Professor Bach.

Dearborn, H. A. S.: "A Tour in Maine," from the Boston *Atlas*, copied by the *Age*, August 30, 1849.

De Roos, F. F.: *Personal Narrative of Travels in the United States and Canada in 1826. Illustrated by Plates with Remarks on the Present State of the American Navy* (Lon-

don, 1827), 98-99. In June, 1826, while on his way from Boston to St. John, De Roos stopped at Eastport.

Dwight, Theodore: *Travels in New-England and New-York* (New Haven, 1821), II, 160-245. 1807. Dwight came over the line at Fryeburg from the White Mountains and visited Portland and Augusta, returning down the coast to Massachusetts. He was hostile to Maine villages where the churches did not have steeples, and he made scathing remarks about the lumbermen.

Eckstorm, Fannie H., (Mrs.): *The Penobscot Man* (Boston and New York, 1904), 109-113. Based upon the J. S. Sewall MS. in possession of Mrs. Eckstorm. A party of eighteen, of whom ten were theological students, went, in 1857, from Bangor to Katahdin and back in ten days.

Elwell, E. H.: *Aroostook, with some Account of the Excursions thither of the Editors of Maine in the Years 1858 and 1878 and of the Colony of the Swedes, Settled in the Town of New Sweden* (Portland, 1878), 9-26. A group of twenty-nine editors toured the north country. Their route took them by rail from Bangor to Old Town, by steamer to Lincoln, and by stage to Fort Fairfield.

Febiger, C.: "Extracts from Merchants' Letters 1784-1786" in the *Magazine of American History* (New York, 1882), VIII, 351-354. This officer, engaged in the mast trade at Philadelphia, in 1785 made a tour into Maine to view business prospects.

Finch, M.: *An Englishwoman's Experience in America* (London, 1853), 181-182. From St. John to Bath and Portland in 1853 by steamboat, which was dirty; from Portland to Boston by rail.

Fitzpatrick, J. O., (Editor): *The Diaries of George Washington* (Boston and New York, 1925), IV, 44. November 2, 1789. While on a New England tour he visited Portsmouth, where he took boat for Kittery and indulged in the pastime of fishing for cod.

Godley, J. R.: *Letters from America* (London, 1884), II, 88-98. October, 1842. Up the Kennebec by steamer to visit a friend at Gardiner. By stage to Brunswick and Portland.

Goold, W.: "Governor Christopher Gore and his Visit to Maine" in *Collections and Proceedings* of the Maine Historical Society (Portland, 1894). Second Series: v, 71-80. In September, 1809, Governor Gore, with his wife and his staff, went to the District of Maine for a fifteen days' visit, the only governor of the State of Massachusetts to do so before the separation. He attended the fourth commencement of Bowdoin College, then visited Bath and Lewiston.

Hale, Edward Everett: "An Early Ascent of Katahdin" in *Appalachia: the Journal of the Appalachian Mountain Club* (Cambridge, 1901), IX, 277-289. (1843). A reprint from the *Boston Daily Advertiser* (August 15, 1845).

———— *Tarry at Home Travels* (New York, 1906). In 1841 Hale was a member of the New Hampshire Geological Survey. On his way to join it, he visited Portland.

Hall, J.: *Report of a Reconnoissance for a Canal from Moosehead Lake to Moose Pond and of a Preliminary Survey for the Improvement of the Navigation of the Sebasticook River. State of Maine 17th Legislature. Senate Document No. 18* (Augusta, 1837). Made for the Board of Internal Improvements in 1836.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel: *Passages from the American Note-Books* (Boston, 1843), 45-85. July, 1837, Hawthorne spent on the Kennebec at a point near Augusta. He visited Gardiner and Hallowell.

Head, G., (Sir): *Forest Scenes and Incidents in the Wilds of North America; being a Diary of a Winter's Route from Halifax to the Canadas, and during Four Months' Residence in the Woods on the Borders of Lakes Huron and Simcoe* (London, 1829), 19-146. Through the Madawaska settlement in January, 1814-1815 (?).

Higginson, T. W.: "Going to Mount Katahdin," *Putnam's Monthly Magazine* (New York, 1875), VIII, 242-256. Higginson's party contained several women, and they were the third group of women to climb the mountain, in 1855 or 1856.

Hodgson, A.: *Letters from North America Written during a Tour in the United States and Canada* (London, 1824), II, 154-206. By stage, Portsmouth to Portland in February, 1821; return by tandem sleigh.

Holland, P.: "Park Holland: Life and Diaries." MS. copy by M. H. Curran from original in the Bangor Historical Society. With General Putnam in 1784, Holland surveyed the Schoodic and Passamaquoddy; in 1793, the East Branch of the Penobscot; in 1797, nine townships above Bangor; and up to 1820, several Maine towns.

Holmes, E.: *Report of an Exploration and Survey of the Territory on the Aroostook River, during the Spring and Autumn of 1838* (Augusta, 1839), 5-37. Made by canoe and on foot, the exploration covered the eastern part of this district.

Howells, W. D.: "My First Visit to New England." *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* (New York, 1894), LXXXVIII, 816-824. In 1860, Howells came to Boston through Portland and over the Grand Trunk Railway.

Hülswitt, I.: *Tagebuch einer Reise nach den vereinigten Staaten und der Nordwestküste von Amerika* (Münster, 1828), 13-21. December, 1819, Rotterdam to "Kennibank" [Kennebunk (?)]. In February, 1820, Hülswitt passed through Berwick on his way to Albany.

Johnson, J. F. W.: *Notes on North America, Agricultural, Economical, and Social* (London, 1851), I, 131-132. A brief mention of a trip from St. John to Eastport and Portland by steamer and thence to Boston by rail about 1849. II, 217-230. December, 1850. St. John to St. Andrews on wheels; to Calais by sleigh; to Cherryfield on wheels; by sleigh, Ellsworth to Bangor and Waterville; rail to Portland and Boston.

Keep, M. R.: "Katahdin" in the *Bangor Democrat* (December 7, 1847). A flock of ministers climbed this mountain in 1847.

Kendall, E. A.: *Travels through the Northern Parts of the United States in the Years 1801 and 1808* (New York, 1809). The Kennebec was the chief scene of Kendall's

travels. *Cf.* Dwight, for the attitude of hostility to the frontier.

Kent, H. O.: *Report of Henry O. Kent Commissioned on the Part of New Hampshire to Ascertain, Survey and Mark the Eastern Boundary of said State from the Town of Fryeburg to the Canada Line* (Concord, 1859), 11-13. Kent went up the Magalloway, in 1858, passed the terminus of the surveys of 1789 and 1828, and reached the Canadian line. He returned down Lake Parmachene and Lake Umbagog and along the line to Shelburne and Fryeburg.

Lafayette, Marquis de: "Sketch of the Life of General Lafayette with an Account of his Visit to Maine": *Collections and Proceedings* of the Maine Historical Society (Portland, 1892). Second Series. III, 57-78. Lafayette left Boston in June, 1825, and came to Saco, Kennebunk, and Portland. Civic celebrations ensued at these places.

Lanman, C.: *Adventures in the Wilds of the United States and British American Provinces* (Philadelphia, 1856), I, 329-340. In the section entitled "A Tour of the Saguenay" Lanman delineates his travels to the Penobscot, Moosehead, and the Kennebec, which he made in 1847.

———— *Letters from a Landscape Painter* (Boston, 1844), 141-156. Lanman entered from the White Mountains and then visited Moosehead and some Kennebec towns, about 1844.

Larrabee, W. C.: "Excursion to Mount Ktaadn": the *Lincoln Telegraph* (January 23, 1840), *ff.*, from *Maine Wesleyan Journal* of previous date. Printed in six installments. Larrabee relates a story of an excursion from Old Town to the summit about 1837. Evidently the same as described in his *Rosabower*.

Latrobe, C. J.: *The Rambler in North America:* MDCCCXXXII-MDCCCXXXIII (London, 1835), II, 101. Boston to Portland and up the Kennebec to Quebec in 1833.

Lee, L. M.: *The Life and Times of the Reverend Jesse Lee* (Louisville, 1848), 293-309. Saco to Castine and return *via* Kennebec and Sandy River valleys in 1793, 293-295. Sandy River district, 1794, 298-304. To Passamaquoddy and St. John, returning to Readfield in 1795, 308-309.

Levasseur, A.: *Lafayette en Amérique, en 1824 et 1825, ou Journal d'un Voyage aux États-Unis* (Paris, 1829), II, 511-518. Chiefly speeches which Lafayette made in 1825.

Lincoln, E.: "Notes of an Excursion to the River Penobscot and of a Visit to the Island of Indian Old Town." Enoch Lincoln MSS., American Antiquarian Society. To the Penobscot through Norridgewock in 1823 or 1824. Chiefly concerned with a description of the Indians.

———— "Notes Respecting an Expedition from Paris in Maine to the Lakes of Oxford County." Enoch Lincoln MSS., American Antiquarian Society. From Paris up the Little Androscoggin to Rumford, through Grafton [?] Notch to Lake Umbagog and back along the Swift River in 1823. Idyllic in treatment.

Lindsay, W.: *View of America; Comprehending a General Description of the Extent, Limits, Situation, Climate, Soil, Productions, Original Inhabitants, and Discovery of that Interesting Division of the Globe . . . To Which is Prefixed a Narrative of a Voyage from Dumfries to Saint John in New Brunswick in the Year 1819* (Harwich, 1824), 50-102. Lindsay landed at Eastport, and taught school in Lubec for three months and Haycock Harbor for twelve months.

Long, S. H.: *Report on a Reconnoissance for a Rail Road from Portland to Bangor by Order of the Board of Internal Improvements for the State of Maine* (Augusta, 1837). In the autumn of 1836, Colonel Long surveyed two possible routes.

Lowell, J. R.: "A Moosehead Journal" in *The Writings of James Russell Lowell in Prose and Poetry. Literary Essays* (Boston and New York, 1899), I, 1-142. Reprinted from *Putnam's Monthly Magazine* (November, 1853), II, 357-469. In the summer of 1853, the author went moose-hunting in the Moosehead region.

Anonymous: *Maine Palladium* (August 6, 13, 20; October 1, 1828): A serial account (some numbers are missing) of a pilgrimage to Mount Washington made in July, 1828. It was a walking party with a route through the towns on the Saco.

Maine, State of: *Resolves of the Ninth Legislature of the State of Maine* (Portland, 1829), 39-43. Message transmitting the report of the Boundary Commission which surveyed the Maine-New Hampshire boundary in 1827-1828.

Marks, D.: *The Life of David Marks to the 26th Year of his Age. Including the Particulars of his Conversion, Call to the Ministry, and Labours in Itinerant Preaching for Nearly Eleven Years* (Limerick, Maine, 1831), 179-180. A single paragraph telling of this Free-Will Baptist's tour to Parsonsfield and Porter.

Meyers, J. C.: *Sketches on a Tour through the Northern and Eastern States, the Canadas and Nova Scotia* (Harrisonburg, 1849). This work is in gazetteer form. Meyer's journey in 1848 seems to have been up the Kennebec across to the Penobscot at Belfast, up to Old Town and over to St. Andrews.

Parkman, Francis: "Exploring the Magalloway" in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* (New York, 1864), XXIX, 734-741. A camping trip taken by Parkman and Brown, with one Gookin as guide, during Parkman's college days, 1840-1844.

Petersen, M., (Translator): *Luigi Castiglioni's Reise durch die Vereinigten Staaten von Nord-Amerika in den Jahren 1785, 1786 und 1787* (Memmigen, 1793), 55-90. Portland, Brunswick, and Bath, and up the west side of Penobscot Bay to Old Town in July, 1785.

Putnam, H.: *A Description of Brunswick, [Maine], in Letters by a Gentleman from South Carolina, to a Friend in that State* (Brunswick, 1820). Putnam had visited the Androscoggin valley and towns adjacent to Brunswick.

Quaife, M. M., (Editor): *The Diary of James K. Polk during his Presidency, 1845 to 1849* (Chicago, 1910), III, 72. President Polk went by rail to Portland and thence by the *Huntress* to Augusta July 2-5, 1847.

Quilibet, P.: "Ramblings in Maine" in the *Galaxy* for September-October, 1871: 422-426; 557-561. This expedition was made in the 1850's by steamer to Augusta, and stage to Moosehead Lake.

Rochefoucault Liancourt, Duke de la: *Travels through the United States of North America, the Country of the Iroquois, and Upper Canada, in the Years 1795, 1796, and 1797; by the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt. With an Authentic Account of Lower Canada. Three Maps, Several Tables,* etc. (London, 1800), II, 146-225. Considerable description of the District of Maine in 1795. Rochefoucault went to Thomaston and with General Knox up the Penobscot Bay. Returning along the coast to New Hampshire, he visited Wiscasset and Portland.

Russell, R.: *North America, its Agriculture and Climate, Containing Observations on the Agriculture and Climate of Canada, the United States and the Island of Cuba* (Edinburgh, 1857), 6-9. Journey by rail from Boston to Brunswick, and Portland to the White Mountains in 1854.

Scott, W.: *Memoirs of Lieutenant-General Scott, LL.D. Written by Himself* (New York, 1864), II, 336-354. In the winter of 1839 General Scott went to Augusta to soothe the ruffled feelings engendered by the Aroostook War.

Sewall, J., Jr.: *A Memoir of Reverend Jotham Sewall, of Chesterville, Maine* (Boston, 1853), *passim.* From 1801 to 1850 Sewall travelled all over Maine, including as far north as Houlton and Patten. He was one of the few to preach in the lumber camps.

Smith, E. S. C.: "Larrabee and 'The Backwoods Expedition,'" reprinted from *Appalachia* (Boston, 1926). This is a partial reprint from *Rosabower.* Larrabee went to Katahdin with Dr. Jackson, the state geologist in 1837.

Stickney, A. B.: Diary. "A Visit to the State of Maine: 1844. With a Photostat Copy of Map of the City of Bangor." Typed copy deposited in the Bangor Public Library, in 1927. A lady's visit to her relations in Bangor in 1844.

Surveyors: various Field Notes in manuscript in the State of Maine Department of Forestry. Some of the earlier surveyors wrote what amounted to travel diaries. Book 1, 125-131. "Report of Ezekiel Chase and John Towle of a tract from Fish R. at its Juncture with the St. John to the Penobscot R.," October, 1825. "Report of Eleazer Coburn

on Massachusetts Lands near Moosehead Lake," May, 1828, 132-144. In Book IV, Joel Wellington, "Route for a Road from Penobscot at Mouth of the Mattawamkeag to St. John at the Mouth of the Fish River," August - October, 1826, 153-174. In Book LXXVIII, "Survey of Joseph Norris, Esq. made in 1825," 1-26. (A party of four explored north of the Monument at the head of the St. Croix. To get there they took a steam-boat up the St. John and crossed the line at Houlton). "Survey of Joseph C. Norris made in 1825," August - November, 1825, 29-92. (Went up the Mattawamkeag and surveyed west of the Monument. They ran the line over Mt. Katahdin, or a peak near by, when there was snow on the ground). "Survey of Andrew McMillan made in 1825," August - November, 1825, 108-135. (Activity west of the Monument toward Seboois). In Field Book XCII, Kelsey and Rose, "Journal of Tour to the Sumit [*sic*] of Katahdin Mountain for the Purpose of Ascertaining the Practicability of Continuing the Monument Line over the Same," 254-255.

Thoreau, H. D.: *The Maine Woods* (Boston, 1868). A classic on Maine travel. "Ktaadn" was first published in the *Union Magazine* (1848) and tells of a tour made in 1846. "Chesuncook" was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* (1858) and relates events of 1853. The expedition described in "Allegash and East Branch" took place in 1857.

Thurber, G.: "Notes of an Excursion to Mt. Katahdin," in the *Maine Naturalist* (Portland, 1926), VI, 134-151. Reprinted from the Providence *Journal* (September 26, 1847). Made in August, 1847, when Dr. Thurber was attached to the expedition of Dr. Young, the state botanist.

Todd, J.: *Summer Gleanings: or Sketches and Incidents of a Pastor's Vacation* (Northampton, 1852), 121-132; 249-254. Todd climbed Katahdin and went moose-hunting on the headwaters of the Penobscot about 1850.

Trollope, A.: *North America* (New York, 1864), 28-35. Trollope travelled from Boston to Portland and the White Mountains in 1861. He was chiefly interested in Portland and prohibition.

Trotter, I. S., (Mrs.): *First Impressions of the New World on Two Travellers from the Old in the Autumn of 1858* (London, 1859), 87-90. The Trotters entered Maine from the White Mountains, stopping at Portland on their route to Boston.

Tudor, H.: *Narrative of a Tour in North America Comprising Mexico, the Mines of Real Del Monte: the United States, and the British Colonies: With an Excursion to the Island of Cuba* (London, 1834), I, 392-412. Boston, Portland, and Augusta and the White Mountains in 1831.

Turner, C., Jr.: "A Description of Natardin or Catardin Mountain — Being an Extract from a Letter written by Charles Turner, Jun. Esq. in the Summer of 1804, which was one of the Several Seasons in which he has been Employed in the Interior, and North of the District of Maine, as a Surveyor," in 2 *Collections*, Massachusetts Historical Society (Boston, 1819), VIII, 112-116. With six others, Charles Turner climbed Katahdin in August, 1804, and left a bottle of rum on the summit.

———— "Extract from the Journal of Charles Turner, Jr. Esq." 1 *Proceedings*, Massachusetts Historical Society (Boston, 1880), XVII, 206-216. Turner went up the St. John and crossed the Maine line, where he surveyed the Bridgewater Academy Grant, in 1802.

Wakefield, P. B., (Mrs.): *Excursions in North America, Described in Letters from a Gentleman and his Young Companion, to their Friends in England* (London, 1810), 184-198. The "gentleman" was Henry Franklin; the "young companion," Arthur Middleton. Horseback to Portland, Wiscasset, and the Penobscot; return to Boston by sea, on a vessel carrying firewood.

Waldo, S. P.: *The Tour of James Monroe, President of the United States, in the year 1817, through the States of Maryland, Pennsylvania, New-Jersey, New York, Con-*

necticut, Rhode-Island, Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Vermont, and Ohio together with a Sketch of his Life, his Inaugural Speech and First Message; and Historical and Geographical Notices of the Principal Places through which he Passed (Hartford, 1818), 172-189. President Monroe entered Maine at Portsmouth and visited Portland, where he received delegations from the outlying towns.

[Wales, Edward Prince of]: *The New England Tour of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales: A Complete History of his Progress and Record of his Journey from the Massachusetts Line to the Embarkation at Portland* (Boston, 1860), 35-42. October 20, 1860, the "fourth and final day," saw the Prince of Wales entrain at Boston for Portland. In spite of the new "Maine Law," Prince Edward offered the governor a drink. At Portland he embarked on the *Hero*.

Anonymous: *Free Press and Advocate* (October 7, 1835). A description of Webster's visit to Maine as counsel in a case tried at Wiscasset. Webster was given dinners in Bangor and in Hallowell.

Whipple, J.: *The History of Acadie, Penobscot Bay and River, with More Particular Geographical and Statistical View of the District of Maine than has ever before been Published, also, Statistical Tables, Shewing at one View the Comparative Progress of the Population of Maine with Each Other Individual State in the Union*, etc. (Bangor, 1816), 9-10. Anonymous account of an ascent of Mount Katahdin in August, 1805, by eleven persons.

Williamson, J. D.: "Presidential Visits to Maine" in the *Historical Magazine*, XXII, 340-345. Visits of Washington, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Polk, and Grant are listed.

Winthrop, T.: *Life in the Open Air and Other Papers* (Boston, 1863). Reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly* (1862), X, 203-211; 293-303; 526-533; 678-694. Next to Thoreau, perhaps the best literary description of Maine. In 1856, Winthrop visited Katahdin and the Penobscot, Moosehead, and Ripogenus.

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